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NOV 7



# Battle Cry

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REVENGE  
of the NAZI  
LOVE DOLL

THE WOMEN WHO RUIN YOUR LOVE LIFE



An entire city caught in the grip of horror

**Masters of Hell**

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## NOW YOU CAN SOLVE "TOUGH" MATH PROBLEMS LIKE THIS!

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GET A BETTER JOB WITH HIGHER PAY,  
SECURITY IN THIS ATOMIC AGE!

This man didn't "set the world on fire" when he was a schoolboy. In fact, he was a **BELOW-AVERAGE** student. But look at him now! He is multiplying numbers that should ordinarily produce the answer in about 4 minutes. Yet here he is, writing the correct answer on the blackboard in less than 15 seconds! He knows little about math—but he even failed arithmetic in school. Read on to discover the fantastic new method that even a child can learn easily in just a few short hours—*at* . . .

Yes, in just hours you can turn into a "math wizard" even though you know little about arithmetic! Surprise your friends with your "E-Z MATH" ability . . . enjoy job security and advancement . . . a better job . . . increase your self-confidence and prestige—all through amazing new "E-Z MATH".

The world is moving *fast* these days. In good times and bad the ability to handle mathematical problems in our age of electronics, automation and nuclear science is becoming more and more necessary for promotion on the job and for higher pay. If you don't think you have what it takes—and if you believe that "math" is beyond your power—then you're in for the biggest surprise of your life!

For now you CAN learn to DIVIDE, MULTIPLY, ADD and SUBTRACT figures not only quickly and easily—but also in a FRACTION of the time the average person requires! You can actually solve such tough problems as multiplying a 5-figure number by a 7-figure number in your head without ever touching pencil to paper . . . or dividing 836791 by 284, for example, in exactly 15 seconds—even if you "flunked" math in school!

The secret of success in "math" is NOT laborious study and wearisome practice—but, on the contrary, knowledge of SPECIAL SHORT CUTS, LITTLE-KNOWN METHODS of calculation and arithmetical "tricks" that take the work and gamble out of figuring. These methods—so new and radical that they have not yet been incorporated in our school systems—take but a few hours to learn. Yet they permit you to OUT-THINK and OUT-FIGURE the average high school and college graduate who hasn't had the benefit of these amazing methods! You can even BEAT AN ELECTRIC CALCULATOR in answering many problems!



Figure with  
SPEED and ACCURACY!

"E-Z MATH" shows you in plain, easy-to-understand language how to cut figuring time in HALF and even in QUARTERS—and at the same time arrive at the **correct** answer in every case! The methods and short cuts you learn in "E-Z MATH" are fool-proof . . . require almost NO memorization . . . and are so practical that you'll find yourself using these systems virtually every day. You'll become an expert in no time at all. Before you know it—you're ready to move into that important job you've always wanted . . . to drive ahead and in greater responsibility at higher pay . . . and to amaze, surprise and delight your friends with your new magic powers of mental arithmetic! Yes, "math" will open up new opportunities for you, since the person with "math" know-how can just about "write his own ticket."

**E-Z MATH PROGRAM**  
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DEPT. R-107, 285 Market ST.  
Newark, NEW JERSEY

### Sharpen Your Brain Power— with Short-Cut "E-Z MATH"!

Imagine being asked to divide 38634 by 891/3—and rattling off the answer absolutely correctly in 7 seconds! Or—multiplying 369.34 by 982.7 and coming up with the correct result in 11 seconds! Or adding 29 numbers each with 6 digits—and supplying the right total every time! People will GASP at your fabulous lightning-quick mind. You'll be able to JUGGLE numbers . . . do STUNNING TRICKS . . . amaze your friends and boss—and be a "master mind"!

With a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" you no longer need be puzzled by such every-day figuring as computing interest charges on installment purchases . . . division, multiplication and addition of fractions . . . adding long rows of numbers with 100% accuracy . . . adding and subtracting fractions from whole numbers—plus many, many other practical and valuable pointers you will use daily to your advantage. The few hours you spend with this course will really pay off. Numbers are the basic instrument of all scientific and technical work. The man or woman who can use "math" is rewarded, recognized quickly, moves ahead in his job faster and more surely!

### Order Today on No-Risk Free Home Trial!

Send for "E-Z MATH" today on our no-risk money-back guarantee: use the book for 30 days . . . prove to your own satisfaction how far a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" can advance you in business and social life. If you don't agree that this is the *best* investment you've ever made . . . if your family and friends aren't AMAZED by your new ability—return the book for full and prompt refund.

**WHAT THEY SAY:**  
"My 10-year-old had nearly always failed arithmetic with old-method arithmetic. Then he found my copy of 'E-Z MATH'. Now in less time than you can put the numbers on a blackboard, he can multiply 8391726547 by 12. It's amazing and incredibly easy. I use it myself on my job and my wife uses it to check grocery lists."

"You have a unique new teaching approach for which I compliment you. It's the best I have ever seen. Pupils' marks seem to be climbing as a result. Should help in any job. Excellent for home tutoring use."

—SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! All our children are using your system too, and it is terrific. My husband and I are using it—and it works! My husband has already received a job advancement with tremendous boost in pay. Best investment we have ever made!"

—HOUSEWIFE

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE EVERY-DAY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS IN THE TIME ALLOWED? YOU CAN DO THEM EASILY EVEN WHEN BLINDFOLDED—AFTER YOU'VE READ "E-Z MATH"!



Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739  
463  
906  
785  
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

9864372 = ? (Solve in 9 seconds)  
8146

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4} = ?$  (Solve in 4 seconds)

1 3/4 % interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly?  
(Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ?  
(Solve in 3 seconds)

### WHAT IS "E-Z MATH"?

"E-Z MATH" is based on an amazing new method of working with numbers—easier to learn and remarkably faster and more accurate than you ever dreamed possible when you took math in school. You'll be shown the newest way of reading numbers—just as though they were words—and of adding and subtracting them almost at a glance—INSTANTLY! You'll be shown a unique new technique for adding hundreds and even thousands of numbers without ever making a mistake . . . yet you'll never add higher than eleven! Yes, from now on you'll whiz through all figuring problems without wasting your valuable time—through income tax, checking grocery lists, homework—as fast as a calculator. You'll never again dislike or avoid numbers—you'll actually ENJOY using them to get ahead in business!

### FREE! FREE! FREE!

"7 STEPS TOWARD GETTING A JOB" Reader's Digest author reveals little known but amazingly effective methods to help you win the job you want. Just pick your job and land it! To learn how mail coupon below with your order for "E-Z MATH" & for your FREE copy of "7 STEPS TOWARD GETTING A JOB."

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

This coupon brings you FREE READER'S DIGEST Reprint  
"7 Steps Toward Getting A Job"

E-Z MATH PROGRAM DEPT. R-107

285 Market St., Newark, NEW JERSEY

OK! Prove to me that "E-Z MATH" can bring me higher pay, prestige and social advancement! Rush book to me postpaid in plain wrapper for 30-day free examination and use. If I don't agree with everything you say about "E-Z MATH"—I may return book for prompt refund. I am enclosing \$2.98 as payment in full. Include my free copy of "7 STEPS TOWARD GETTING A JOB," which I may keep even if I return E-Z MATH.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# Bob Jones boosted his salary 300%\*. Could you do the same?

A few years ago, he was just another guy. Putting in long hours in a monotonous job. Barely able to make ends meet. No prestige. And no opportunity to get ahead.

But Bob Jones had determination. He looked around and saw other men being promoted. Men with no more on the ball than he had. Except for one thing. Specialized training that made them worth more to their employers.

So then and there Bob made up his mind to get out of the rut he was in. He read an ad for International Correspondence

Schools, and mailed the coupon. (The same coupon you see at the bottom of this page.) And though he didn't know it, he'd already taken his first step up.

Soon, Bob was busy studying in his spare time. Learning new skills, and applying them in his work. It wasn't long before he was offered a better job, with a fat increase in pay. Then came other promotions—and each time, more money. Bob Jones was starting to go places. The future was bright. Today, his salary has skyrocketed 300%!

Bob Jones' success story isn't unique. It simply proves what determination can do. You can do it, too, if you're even half as interested in making good. Pick the position you want, and I.C.S. will help you prepare for it. Just as it helped Bob Jones, and hundreds of thousands of others.

Clip this coupon now. Mail it at once. You'll receive 3 valuable booklets—free. They'll prove to you that Bob Jones' success story can be yours!

\*The true story of Robert E. Jones, Houston, Texas. From the success files of I.C.S.

## More than 7,000,000 men and women have already enrolled with I.C.S.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! I.C.S., Scranton 15, Penna.

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National Home Study Council

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Box L1443L, Scranton 15, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, rush me FREE Success Kit, with 3 valuable booklets: (1) How to Succeed; (2) opportunity booklet about the field I've checked below; (3) Sample I.C.S. Lesson.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Employed by \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_

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# BATTLE CRY



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Show Stopper ..... p. 24



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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

# Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

## LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

### What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

### Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

### The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

### Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

**Question** *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

**Answer** It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

**Question** *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

**Answer** Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

**Question** *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

**Answer** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

**Question** *Is this something new?*

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** *How do I know it works?*

**Answer** There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

**Question** *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

**Answer** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question** *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

**Answer** I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

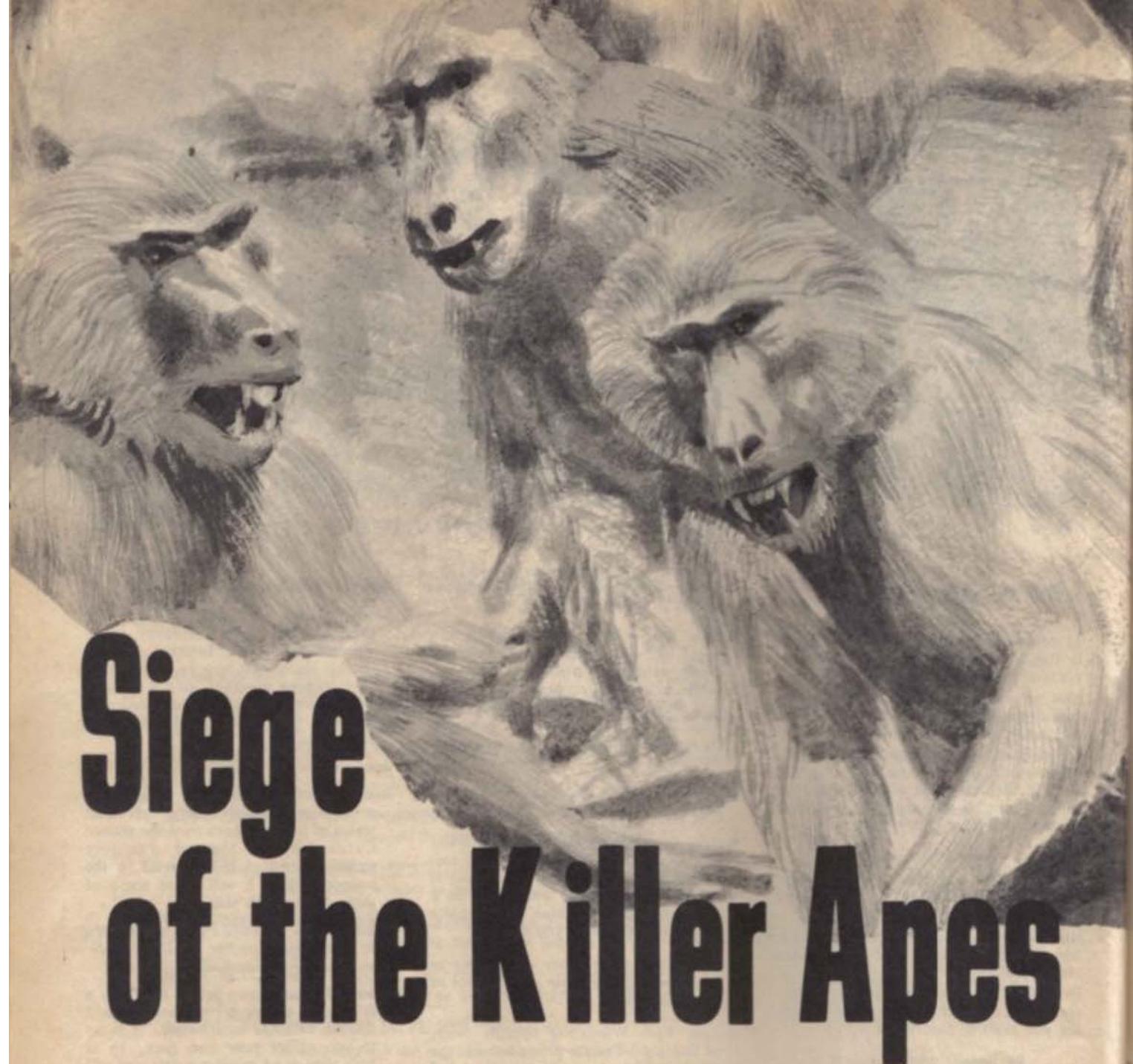
**DON BOLANDER**, Career Institute, Dept. 224-L, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,  
**HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# Siege of the Killer Apes

*The pack wanted blood and not even death was going to stop them!*

by STAN LEWIS

I SAW THE OLD MAN snarl as he straightened up. He headed directly for the side of the hideout where I crouched. The rest of the pack followed him with a curious intentness. I knew that I was within minutes of being ripped apart and left to ripen in the sun—in pieces.

There was just one slim chance those minutes might be prolonged. Out in this rock ravine in the Sudan I was without a weapon, or even matches, with the dead-body of one of the old man's favorites stinking at my feet, and a whole pack of hamadryas baboons moving in for the kill.

I raised my left hand. It held a "soundless" dog whistle. I pursed my lips and gave a long blast. The effect was electric, and I sagged with relief. But only for a moment.

Then the pack came on again.

**B**UT to go back. It had been a crazy venture all the way through. It really started years ago.

When I was stationed in Egypt, early during World War II, I had seen the tombs with drawings of the sacred baboons. Sometimes they were shown sitting on the pivot point of balance-scales, indicating they could tip the scales either way in the afterlife of the dead. (This was indicative. I had first seen them drawn on stone tombs and later they were to be clambering over my stone blind, seconds from making it *my* tomb!)

I was fascinated by the legends about them. Like certain other anthropoids, the hamadryas baboons are credited by natives (Continued on page 12)



**Has shop in basement—gets  
"more and more work all along"**

"I HAD PRACTICALLY no knowledge of any kind of repair work. One day I saw the ad of NRI in a magazine and thought it would be a good way to make money in my spare time. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in the basement of my home."

—JOHN D. PETTIS,  
172 N. Fulton, Bradley, Illinois

# IF YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO START "A LITTLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN" IN YOUR BASEMENT OR GARAGE

## CHECK the advantages of NRI training in Servicing Electrical Appliances

- STEADY DEMAND** for your services. Over 400 million appliances in U.S. — 6 million sold last year alone — mean shortage of trained appliance service men.
- NO ELABORATE EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — just simple hand tools, and Appliance Tester which we provide at no extra charge.
- START SMALL — GROW BIG.** You can start out in your own basement or garage, in spare time. Gradually expand until you open your own shop.
- NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR TRAINING NEEDED.** We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures.
- NO NEED TO RISK YOUR SAVINGS.** Many businesses require a sizable investment. But here you can build up a following of customers *first*, then open a full-time shop if you wish to.
- EARN \$3 TO \$5 PER HOUR.** Fixing appliances is a high-paying skill because the demand for trained men is so great.
- ENJOY SEMI-RETIREMENT ON A GOOD INCOME.** When you're ready to retire, you can devote a few hours a day to this work. Live and work anywhere you please.

IF YOU'RE like so many men today, you've been "hankering" to start "a little home business of your own." In spare time at first, then maybe full-time later on. Something you'd enjoy — and that pays well. Something that fills an existing need in your neighborhood or town — that "sells itself," without any high pressure arguments — that doesn't take a big investment or elaborate equipment.

*This is it—Servicing Electrical Appliances!* Now is the perfect time to get into it. Sales of electrical appliances have skyrocketed. Look how **YEARLY SALES** have risen since 1950: Coffee Makers — from 900,000 to 4,750,000. Room Air Conditioners — from 200,000 to 1,800,000. Clothes Dryers — from 318,000 to 1,425,000. Floor Polishers — from 240,000 to 1,090,000. No wonder that men who know how to service appliances properly are making \$3 to \$5 an hour—in spare time or full time!

### Your Skill Always in Demand —"Set Up Shop" Anywhere

People need their appliances fixed in good times or bad. Once word gets around that you are trained to service them, you'll have plenty of work.

Your training costs less than 20¢ a day. And you need only the few basic tools you may already have — and an Appliance

Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on the kitchen table. If you like, you can open up your own shop, have others work for you. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances.

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Our 24-page Free Book tells how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom"—the money our students are making, what they say about us.

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with this

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at No Extra  
Charge



Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away*. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

With this Tester you save time and make money by doing jobs quicker, making sure appliances operate correctly after repairs.

### NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE Dept. M4B4, Washington 16, D.C.

Please send me Free Book about your Electrical Appliance Repair Course and a free Sample Lesson. I am particularly interested in:

Spare Time Earnings    Business of My Own    Better Job

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call.

Name.....

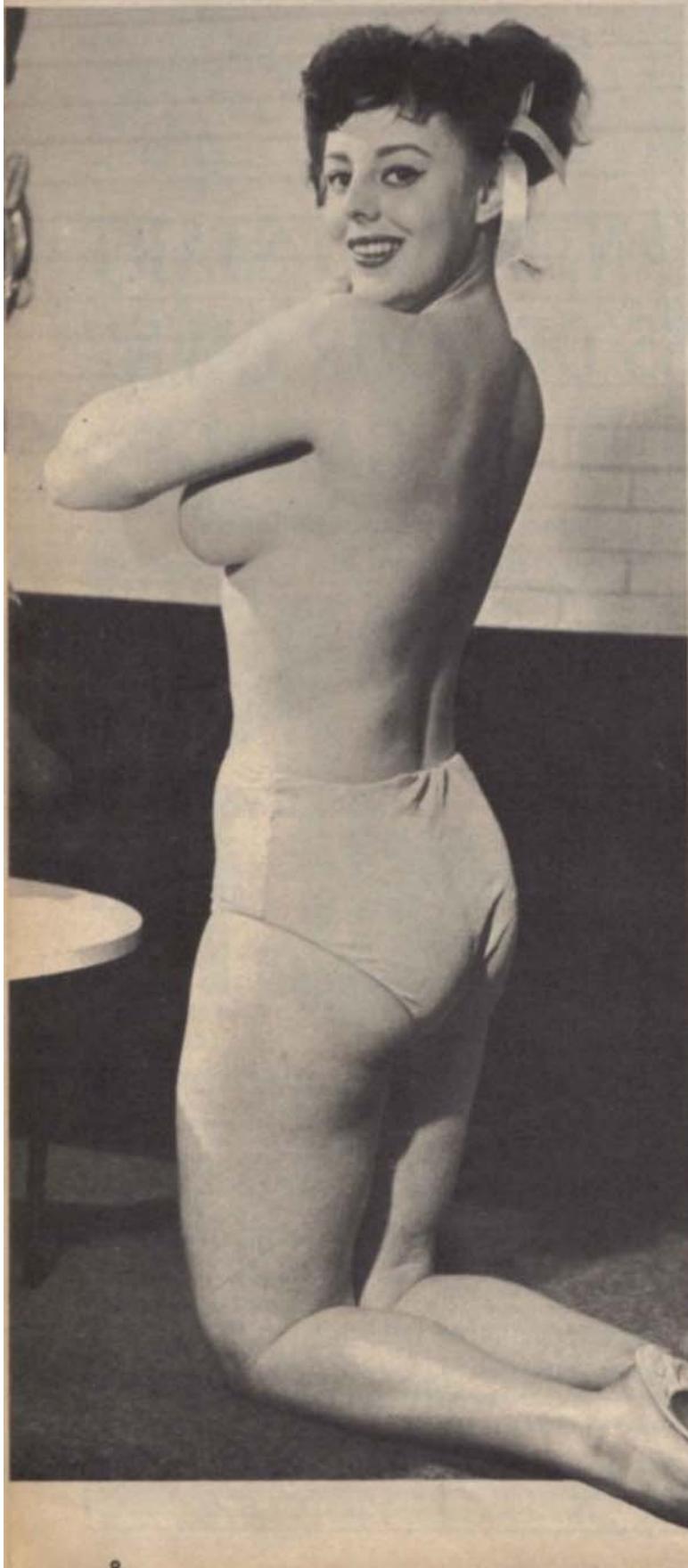
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Nothing is more comfortable than a Paris home.

Setting-up exercises are good for the figure—and view.



An American in Paris can go  
a long way at the Folies  
Bergere. Just look at Lola!

WHEN LOLA HALL first went to Paris, she wondered how a foreign country would take to an American country girl. She soon found out. They loved her. For as soon as the manager of the famous Folies Bergère put his good eye to work, surveying the fabulous 41-25-40 figure of the lady from Connecticut, he let loose first with the phrase, "Ooo-la-la", and then with "You're hired."

TORSO  
QUEEN  
OF  
PARIS





She can dance too. Though we must admit that by Parisian standards she's overdressed.

"I like to think of myself as an actress," Lola explains. "But men won't listen. All they want to do is stare at me and ogle."

## TORSO QUEEN (continued)

From opening performance, the audience agreed with his judgment. Lola and her dance, entitled, "Introduction to a Love Affair," literally had them rolling in the aisles. Today a top star in the French firmament, she's the object of a strong campaign by USA producers. • • •

Fifty million Frenchmen  
can't be wrong, especially  
when the world agreed!



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## SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED ENROLLMENT OFFER!

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't agree that this policy is the finest there is, just return it within 10 days and receive your dollar back. What could be fairer . . . more honest? You examine this policy carefully. No salesmen will call. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk.



Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need just when you need it the most.

This policy helps you afford the best care . . . the kind that assures a fast return to good health. You may choose your own Doctor of Medicine and enter any hospital equipped for major surgery and providing 24 hour nursing service.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating 30 days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating six months after the policy date.

The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and rest cures.

### WHY THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE

Because we employ no salesmen and pay no commissions, we use this means to acquaint you with the tremendous premium savings you get with this policy. It costs a great deal more than \$1.00 to issue this SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED POLICY, but we're willing to risk this initial expense to put the policy in your hands so you can see for yourself how good it is and that you will want to keep it in force.

### WHY THESE PREMIUMS ARE SO LOW

Because you deal direct with us we eliminate high selling costs. We employ no salesmen and pay no commissions. Costs are reduced to a minimum and savings of 25% to 45% are passed on to you in the form of lower premiums.

### WHY CLAIMS ARE PAID FAST

Because you deal direct, your claims are pro-

cessed fast. There are no adjusters or district offices for claims to pass through, which could result in loss of time . . . just when you need extra money the most, and fast. To file a claim, just notify us in writing and claim blanks are sent by return mail, with easy-to-fill instructions. Thus you can get fast action no matter where you live!

### SPECIAL COVERAGES MAY BE ADDED

Your basic policy pays for hospital room, board and general care for covered sickness or accident. At small extra cost, you can add surgical or medical benefits, or maternity benefits to cover pregnancy or its complications, at home, in the doctor's office or in the hospital. Loss of Wages Benefits up to \$300 per month are also available at low cost. For information on each, check application blank below when sending your \$1.00 for our Special Offer.

### OVER \$18,500,000 IN CLAIMS PAID

Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Company. Domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than \$18,500,000 on all forms of coverages in all states have been paid.

**FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!**

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA - Dept. E-412, 1904 FARNAM ST. OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

Gentlemen — I am enclosing \$1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy)

FIRST NAME • MIDDLE NAME • LAST NAME	DATE OF BIRTH
	MO. DAY YR. HEIGHT WEIGHT SEX
1. _____	_____
2. _____	_____
3. _____	_____
4. _____	_____
5. _____	_____

1. Are you and all persons named herein now in good health and free from any physical defects or deformities to the best of your knowledge? \_\_\_\_\_
2. Have you or any other person named herein during the last five years had any medical or surgical advice or treatment or any other departure from good health? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ If the answer is yes, please give details \_\_\_\_\_

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it.

Dated this \_\_\_\_\_ Day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_\_\_

### SIGNATURE

(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign  
WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your— Maternity Benefit Rider   
Surgical/Medical Expense Rider  Loss of Wages Rider



## Siege Of The Killer Apes

in the regions where they live with having a particular passion for human females, and are supposed to have carried them off to reign as queens among the herds. And like Romulus and Remus, human children are said to have been adopted by some herds.

I do not believe any of this, but the sacred baboon does have the highest intelligence of any member of the monkey family, and I had determined to study them with my camera in their wild state. That's why, on my first prolonged vacation after the war, I had come back to this hell hole of rock caverns and ravines spotted with some occasional scrubby brush, edging the desert west of the Red Sea.

Joe Bradford came with me—mostly because he always wanted to do something different. I asked him to come because he's a swell guy, and also because he never kept at a steady job and was always free. We bought the jeep and then we found, or were found by, this crazy, three-color bitch. Joe says calico cats mean good luck, so calico dogs should be real good luck. She was. She was trouble too. Kept running off into lion and leopard territory. And that was why we bought the whistle.

Soon after we got out here we found a small colony of baboons. They often travel in herds up to three hundred or so, but the one we found was a small herd of thirty-one. That was best for my purpose because the actions of a small group show up more significantly in pictures than the rituals of a big one. We found this group by checking with the natives who keep good track of them because their fields, and even their houses, are often raided. The native sometimes get even by surrounding a herd on a rocky knoll at night and setting brush fires at the bottom of the knoll. When the terrified animals run out the natives kill them with their spears.

When we got to the general area, Joe helped me build a hut of flat stones. It had three tiny slits for my camera and was just four by four feet, cube-shaped. At the side was a lighter-weight slab of stone—my door. It looked different, but not too different, from the rock juts which stood out all around. Inside this dark dungeon was an empty fuel drum beside which I crouched. On it were rolls of film, tins of cheese, bread and water. My diet wasn't exactly balanced, but for four days it would serve. Set deeper into the ground was a second drum with a cover which served as a privy. The ventilation was terrible and the weather was hot. June is supposedly the bride's month for baboons as well as people, although they breed year-around—just like people. And unlike many people, they are highly intelligent.

Once I was settled, with the stone door closed behind me, Joe scattered ten crates of prickly pears around—a real treat for baboons. Then he and the hound drove off to pitch camp about a mile away. He had wanted to stay to watch the fun, but Calico would surely have attracted the baboons. And I didn't like the idea of spending four days in such close quarters with anyone—not even Joe. He wanted me to take a gun but I told him I was shooting only with the camera. I have very strong feelings about killing, other than for food or protection. I knew I wouldn't need the baboons for food, and I didn't think I'd need protection.

The first afternoon after my blind was set up, they moved in. There were six old males with harems, ranging from four, for the leader to two and three females for the others. There were also three bachelors, one attached to the old man's harem, the other to two other groups. And six of the females had infants. I recognized the males by the long-hair cloaks, or manes, growing over

their backs and shoulders, as well as by their extra size. They are bigger than females because of their unchivalrous eating habits, as well as their sex. The leader of the herd, the old man as I came to call him, was easily five feet long from head to rump. His underfed females were about four feet, though one was less. She was probably a young one.

I had been surprised when they moved in so soon, but realized I needn't have been, for we had built the hut in the line of their future movement, judging from their pock-marked trail. You can usually tell which way they are going by the holes they dig for roots. Joe had spread the prickly pears out three hundred feet in their direction, with more as close as ten feet from the blind. Still, I was awfully pleased when they showed. Sacred baboons seem so intelligent—the natives credit them with almost supernatural cunning, and the ancients thought them to be pals of the God of Wisdom—I guess I expected them to be suspicious of the bait.

It was too easy, but they thought it was great.

The old man came up first. He grabbed a pear in either hand and as he gobbled the first his eyes darted over the rest of the manna. He saw the pears were thickest near the blind, and still gripping an uneaten pear, did a fast three-legged gallop my way. Close beside were two of his four females—the two in heat, I noticed. Within seconds the whole herd were within good range of my camera. I started shooting and was glad to see that the small whirring sound didn't disturb them.

That first afternoon I got a wonderful record of their eating and love-making habits. The poor females that were not in heat ate very little, though there was plenty of food.

We had figured there were enough pears for about four days. If they cleaned up sooner, I would simply push out my stone door and walk to Joe's camp after they had gone. If I didn't show on the fourth day, Joe was to drive in with the jeep and scare them off. They don't scare easily—they have attacked wild leopards—but Joe had the gun, and we felt a few shots in the air would drive them off. I was sure I'd have enough footage for a short documentary film in four days. As it worked out, I was right. Maybe it was the abundance of food that brought it on. Anyway, I got pictures of the start of a great battle for leadership. I probably would have been able to get the outcome of the fight if I hadn't been nearly killed, literally, by my own ambition!

If I had had any experience at all, I would have recognized the first signs of the leadership fight that first afternoon. While the old

(Continued on page 44)

# GIVE ME JUST ONE EVENING and I'LL TEACH YOU TO HYPNOTIZE EASILY!



Hypnotize others quickly, safely---perform any known HYPNOTIC FEAT with EASE! Amaze friends—Exert your Hypnotic Power over others - Be POPULAR and WANTED!

YES, it's true! You can hypnotize easily so QUICKLY and simply you'll be amazed! And it doesn't take special talents or long months of study. The very first day you receive this miracle GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM you'll be able to perform wonders that will astound everyone. It's that SIMPLE... WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.

Imagine the thrill of being able to EXERT YOUR POWER OVER OTHERS. You'll be the center of attraction at parties or work. You'll be able to make others do your bidding... perform and entertain with feats that have baffled millions for years. And you'll do these wonders with EASE. For, Hypnotism is no longer a secret miracle of science but a POWER anyone can exert over another... when you know how!

## 25 MIRACLE LESSONS

### SIMPLE SECRETS REVEALED AT LAST

For years the knowledge of how to produce hypnotic sleep has been as well guarded that only a few have mastered this art. But now the veil of secrecy has been lifted and the innermost SECRETS and techniques revealed for the first time. The fact is that Hypnotism is a scientific fact that anyone can learn. Once you know these secrets and methods you can bring about this strange and wonderful control that has only been used by doctors, psychiatrists and entertainers in the past. Yes, now this remarkable phenomena will be yours to use for pleasure, self-development and countless other benefits.

### YOU CAN PERFORM ANY HYPNOTIC FEAT!

First, you must understand that what another person does with Hypnotism, you can also do. There isn't anything anyone has ever done with this art that you cannot do! YOU can make people cry, laugh, shout, stop smoking, recall childhood memories, act like an infant, make water taste like vinegar, get folks to sing, dance... do a 1001 things they would never do when not UNDER YOUR POWER. And the most amazing thing of all is --- HOW EASY IT IS TO DO!

### SO EASY TO MASTER!

Here at last is the most perfect, complete and easily-learned course on Hypnotism ever written. In three short, simple chapters you learn the hidden secrets of Hypnotism and how to work this scientific miracle. No long, technical, mumbo-jumbo ex-

planations are given. The entire 25-lesson Guide to Hypnotism is written in plain, SIMPLE language that anyone can understand. After the third lesson you are able to begin performing countless techniques and powers clearly explained in the next 22 lessons. You'll learn how to cure bad habits in yourself and others, how to BUILD PERSONAL MAGNETISM SLEEP without drugs, use Hypnotism to help STOP PAIN, stop smoking, BUILD WILL POWER, LOSE WEIGHT, IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY and so much more. And you'll learn how to MAKE MONEY with your new power by entertaining at parties, lodges, club meetings, etc. Truly, this knowledge will give you a NEW SURGE OF CONFIDENCE and POWER unlike any you have ever known!

### ACT, FEEL AND BE A NEW PERSON!

How often have you wished that you could EXERT a MAGNETIC POWER and INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS? Get people to respond to your every command, win respect, admiration and envy from both men and women! Well, DREAM NO LONGER. It's all possible through the secret, magnetic power of Hypnotism. You'll not only be MASTER OVER OTHERS but also yourself. You can BUILD A STRONG, MAGNETIC PERSONALITY through Self-Hypnotism. You use Mesmerism to READ THE MINDS of others and PLANT YOUR Thoughts in their minds. You can direct yourself to ACCOMPLISH anything, as easily as you can command others. You have the power to accomplish your innermost dreams.



## 25 Fact-Packed LESSONS TELL ALL!

Never before has such a Complete and authentic course on Hypnotism been available at such a low price. Doctors and students have PAID hundreds of DOLLARS for personal instruction in Hypnotism, when obtainable. Knowledge such as this can be worth THOUSANDS of DOLLARS to the user over the years. Yet, due to printing economies, large press runs and also by the elimination of correspondence costs, the complete 25-lesson Guide to HYPNOTISM is yours for only \$1.98. Yes, only \$1.98 for the COMPLETE COURSE bound in book form. Certainly a tiny investment for so much!

### • USE FOR 30 DAYS • WITHOUT OBLIGATION!

PROVE to Yourself that YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE EASILY! Order the 25-lesson Guide to Hypnotism today and put it to the test the very next evening. The first three chapters teach you the SECRET of Hypnotism and the 22 chapters that follow introduce you to many new WONDERS of this miraculous art. For the next 30 days as our guest, perform the WONDERS of Hypnotism among your friends, at home and at work. Then, if you don't feel it's the GREATEST VALUE you have ever received for \$1.98--we don't want you to keep it. Just mail it back and the small payment you sent will be PROMPTLY refunded---no questions asked. You have nothing to lose -- amazing new POWERS TO GAIN! So order now!

### MAIL NO-RISK FREE TRIAL COUPON!

PALMER-JONES PUBLISHERS, Dept. 271,  
285 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

YES, Send me for 30-day HOME TRIAL the complete 25-Lesson GUIDE TO HYPNOTISM.

I enclose \$1.98 - payment in full - which will be refunded to me if I am not 100% delighted.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I agree that I will not use this power for other than proper use.

# TIME OUT

## EAGER SEAVERS

Diligent customs men in Brisbane, Australia learned of a book entitled *To Bed on Thursdays* and promptly took action to confiscate it. They were indignantly told that the book was the memoirs of an editor whose paper goes to press on Thursday nights.

## EXPENSIVE BET

Andre Poultier of Rouen, France made a bet that he could drink 30 glasses of



whiskey in ten minutes. He did it, collected his money and dropped dead.

## STRONG, SILENT TYPE

A woman in California, Audrey Martin brought her pet parakeet into court to prove that she should get a divorce. Seems her husband rarely spoke to her. The bird's favorite saying was, "Did you hear me Albert?"

## GETTING EVEN

Ex-Mayor Juanita Easterlin, of High Springs, Florida, tried to get re-elected last year. Her main campaign issue was that enforcement of State liquor laws was poor. She lost the election and shortly thereafter was arrested as the leader of a moonshine ring.

## MORDEST UNTO DEATH

A 15-year-old girl scout in Ramona, California, rescued a 9-year-old from a



deep, icy mountain stream. She almost froze while waiting for someone to bring her some clothing to replace the pajama bottoms she lost.

## A TIME TO REST

Leon Cohen, 38, was struck down by a hit and run driver in Rochester, New York. He jumped in his own car, chased the runaway for half an hour, helped the police to apprehend him, climbed

into an ambulance and then lay back for the trip to the hospital.

## THE LAST WORD

Robert J. Sadowski of Titusville, Pa., placed the usual ad in the daily paper about being responsible for his own bills but not those of his wife. The estranged wife Doris replied with another ad: "If Robert Sadowski pays his own bills, he will have all he can do without paying mine."

## UNDERSTUDY

Ventriloquist Terry Hall belongs to the Association of Non-Smokers. He was threatened with expulsion unless he stops his dummy from smoking during performances.

## IN THE DARK

A burglar in Philadelphia noticed a house that stayed dark for several nights—decided to break in. The occupant Joseph Zeleznock pinned him down and called the cops. Zeleznock is blind and learned to wrestle at Overbrook School for the blind.

## NEEDS PROFESSIONAL HELP

A Kansas City man wrote to his Senator, Frank Carlson, asking for assist-



ance in finding "some woman who will marry me."

## WELL PREPARED

Dewayne Gray, an auto mechanic in Keokuk, Iowa, carefully checked and serviced a customer's car, took \$229 from the cash register when he went to get change, and then jumped into the car and took off.

## KEEPING AHEAD

A Lansing, Mich., man got a traffic ticket and sent in double the amount required with a note explaining that the additional amount was to cover the next fine.

## SLIP OF THE TONGUE

Robert Carl of Vancouver, B. C., identified Herbert Jow as the man who broke into his apartment. Angrily Jow

confronted him with, "How can you be sure? It was so dark I couldn't recognize you."

## NO COLD FEET

In Jacksonville, Fla., a hotel is being built with fifty special beds. They'll be extra-long so that people who are tall don't have to sleep with their feet sticking out.

## GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR

Milton King of Minneapolis always asked the local soda fountain for a "cup of mud." On April Fools' Day he got just that.

## HIGH HOPES

When asked to choose the musical selection for their wedding, the happy



couple's choice was turned down. The Gillingham, England, clergyman explained that he wouldn't feel right playing *Day of Wrath and Doom Impending*.

## LINING HIS POCKETS

Mrs. Berenice Reilly of Chicago complained to the judge that her estranged husband withheld her \$32 weekly settlement unless she spent all of it in his grocery store.

## GOOD SPELLERS

Garbage cans in Caldwell, Kansas, were repainted to read "Trash" instead of "Litter." The townspeople insisted on posting their mail in them.

## OH FOR A DOG'S LIFE!

A Reading, Pa., dog received a three-room air conditioned apartment, a practical nurse and \$50,000 in his mistress' will.

## HOMING PIGEON

James Sarino of Monroe, N. C., complained that his wife had him put in the cooler so many times that his dog embarrasses him by following packy wagons whenever he sees one.

# What went wrong for the kid who loved to draw?



SOMEWHERE in this country — it really doesn't matter where — lived a kid who loved to draw. His name doesn't matter much either. *It might even be you.*

Anyway, this kid spent hour after hour sketching . . . painting . . . making pictures. He drew anyone who would hold still, anything he saw. And — for a kid of his age — what he did was good.

By the time he finished high school, he was sure that what he wanted most was an art career. But then something went wrong.

Maybe it was lack of money. Maybe it was a too-early marriage. But it meant getting a job — any job — fast. And his dream of an art career went out the window.

#### A Second Chance For The Sidetracked

It seems there are lots of ex-kids like this around, talented people who got sidetracked into dead-end jobs because something went wrong. We at the Famous Artists Schools know because we've helped so many of them to a "second chance" at the good life and the good money that an art career offers. In fact, it was just such people who gave Albert Dorne, one of the greatest moneymakers in commercial art, the idea of founding the Famous Artists Schools. Dorne had often received letters saying, "I'd like to be in art, but I have responsibilities. I'm stuck at home. How can I learn?" Or — "I love to draw. Please look at my drawings. Do I have any talent? What can I do about it?"

Dorne consulted Norman Rockwell, America's best-loved artist, and Jon Whitcomb, famous for his paintings of beautiful girls. He found they too were always getting letters asking for advice and help. So one day, over ten years ago, he gathered America's twelve most famous artists in his studio. Dorne pointed out that thousands of men and women wanted to become artists . . . but, for one reason or another, they could not leave their homes or their jobs to study art. He noted how many trained artists were needed all over the country. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "devise a way to bring practical and professional art training to any of these people with talent . . . no matter where they live or how little spare time they have?"

The famous artists agreed. Taking time from their busy careers, they pooled their knowledge to perfect a revolutionary new way to teach drawing and painting. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the

School's home study lessons. They demonstrated in words and pictures the priceless trade secrets and techniques they had learned through their own successful careers.

#### Person-To-Person Instruction By Mail

Finally, out of this rich experience, they worked out a brilliant new way to correct a student's work. Their system is perhaps the most personal and the most helpful method of teaching the art field has ever known.

For each drawing the student mails in, the instructor draws or paints in detail, on a separate sheet, his suggestions for improving the student's picture. Along with the revisions the student receives a long personal letter of further criticism and advice. There can be no misunderstanding — and the student has a permanent record of his progress to refer to as often as he likes.

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools, whose campus is the U. S. Mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes, and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled. How well has it worked — especially for people like the kid who loved to draw?

#### Students Quickly Succeed

Stanley Bowen, a father of three, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

Mrs. Gillian Evans, of Montreal, searching for a part-time career to combine with home-

making and raising a young son, decided upon an art career. She now specializes in children's portraits in oil and pastel, and occasional pen and ink illustrations of babies.

John Busketta was a pipefitter's helper in a gas company. He still works for the same company but now he's an artist in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Bob Cleveland of Indianapolis shined shoes, sold papers, was working in a routine drafting job when he enrolled with us. Now he earns \$200 a week as a free-lance artist and has his own commercial art studio.

#### Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. The School now offers this test free and grades it for you free. Men and women who reveal natural talent are eligible for training by the School.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon. Our Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you at once. It may start you on the road to becoming a somebody in art . . . instead of just a guy in a job, who once was a kid who loved to draw.

#### America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell  
Jon Whitecomb  
Al Parker  
Steven Dohanos  
Dong Kingman  
Peter Helck  
Fred Ludekens  
Ben Stahl  
Robert Fawcett  
Austin Briggs  
Harold Von Schmidt  
Albert Dorne

#### FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 7153, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me — without obligation — your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_

County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Next to you She'll LOVE French Lingerie for Christmas!



#950 TWISTER TEASER 2-Pc. Ensemble—Exciting! Seductive "Every little movement has a meaning all it's own", according to a song of years ago—and this new ORIGINALS ensemble says just that for you! The shortie top is a fabulous fringe, 21 inches long, fuller than this illustration shows...

and it swings and sways with your every movement. Two fancy satin ribbons hold it in place on your shoulders. Wear it as high or as low as you wish. The matching brief panties are ORIGINALS finest quality sheer nylon, with elasticized waist and leg bands for slick fit. Black only. Sizes: Small, Medium or Large. A Very Special Originals Value \$10.95



#942 FROU-FROU—French coquettish adores this shocking new brief—it's so naughty, gay, youthfull! A next-to-nothing frill of lace, neatly elasticized to hold the sheer nylon lace crotch in place. Black only. S - M - L. Only \$2.98



#941 PARISIENNE—Scandalously French of richly embroidered fabric with double lining and open tips to accentuate your bust line. Provocative, yet exceptionally comfortable, with adjustable straps and firm elasticized band. Sizes 32 to 36, B cup. Exceptional Value! Only \$3.98

#324 An ORIGINALS creation of fine quality glazed cotton. Halter bra has adjustable cups. Briefs with elasticized form-fitting waist and leg bands. Red, Black, Turquoise or Lavender stripes on Foam White. Sizes S-M-L. Only \$3.98

#315 COTTON CUTIE—You'll adore this bikini for sunning or pin-up pictures! Adjustable halter top has form-fitting cups, and a waistband of comfortable elastic and cord. Briefs have elasticized leg and waistbands for flattering fit. Fast color, quality cotton fabric. Red, Blue, Black, White. Sizes S-M-L. Only \$2.98  
An Originals Special Value!

**Originals**  
INC.

**MONEY BACK  
GUARANTEE**

The ORIGINALS label is your positive assurance of advanced fashion first styles...finest quality fabrics...most meticulous workmanship...at lowest direct-to-you prices. Our superior creations cannot be matched in quality or price by any competitive lingerie sold by mail. You must be completely satisfied or your money back.

**Yvette Bell**

Fashion  
Coordinator



#932 SHEER DREAM—A Baby Doll ensemble to make you huggable on sight! Full shortie gown, lavishly trimmed with fine lace elasticized ruching, worn on or off the shoulders. Lace edged nylon briefs also elasticized for smooth fit. Midnight Black, Fire Alarm Red, Cloud White. One size fits all. Typical Originals Value. Only \$6.95



#947 DEMI-VENUS—Emphasizes your natural charms, gives a more daring decolletage—enticing French effect. Designed for truly feminine enchantment. Exquisite lace, delicately lined for comfortable support. Black only. Sizes S - M - L. Only \$3.98



#930 CAPTIF D'AMOUR  
Daring, tri-purpose mist of sheerest nylon. Wear it as a strapless open-front peignoir—or off the shoulder gown—or a cape negligee. Daintily trimmed with lace of matching color. Dreamland black, Innocence White, Flame Red. One size fits all. Exceptional Originals Value Only \$8.95

## ORDER NOW!

ORIGINALS, Inc. Dept. 218-X,  
510 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Please rush the following items, for which I have enclosed  
Check \_\_\_\_\_ Money Order \_\_\_\_\_ Cash for the full amount,  
including postage.

HOW MANY	ARTICLE	STYLE #	SIZE	FIRST COLOR CHOICE	SECOND COLOR CHOICE	PRICE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(PRINT PLAINLY)  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
Total  
Mail. \_\_\_\_\_  
Plus 50c for  
Postage-Handling 50c  
Amount  
Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

FREE: New catalog of exciting lingerie to all purchasers! HURRY!



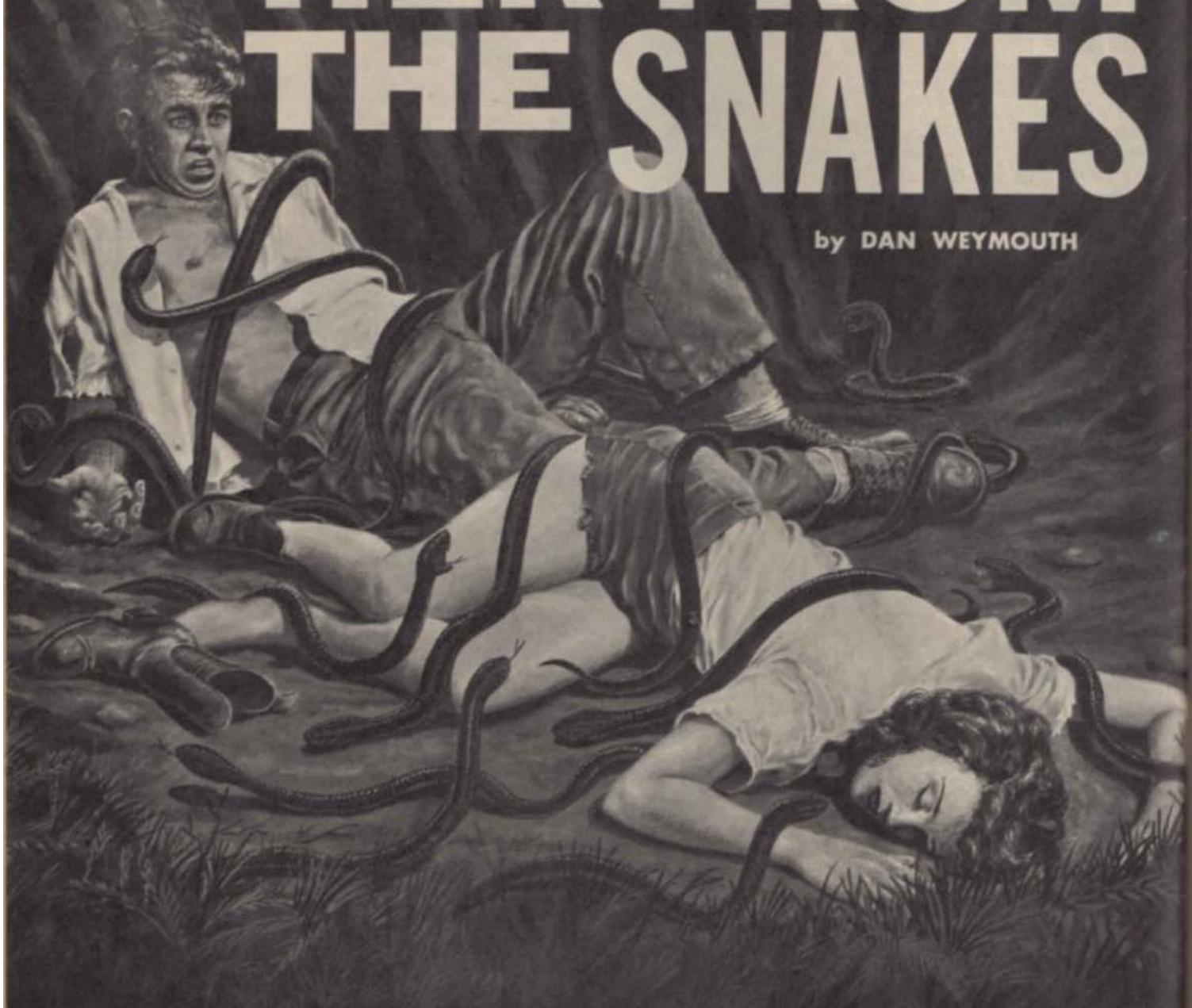
**The slithering reptiles  
had claimed her body  
for their own!**

**turn page ▶**

*We'd gone into the jungle looking for fun and romance. But all we found was fear and terror!*

# SAVE HER FROM THE SNAKES

by DAN WEYMOUTH



*As my senses slowly returned, I opened my eyes. Edie was lying a dozen yards away, her body motionless as perhaps a dozen or more of the vipers crawled over her body.*

GUESS THERE must be a large streak of lunacy in the average veteran. There's no other way to explain the asinine sentimentality that grows in us, driving us to re-visit the battlefields where we once fought. Once upon a time, there might have been a basis for the emotion. After all, in the old days, wars were fought in comparatively convenient territory.

But to spend good, hard-earned cash, wandering over half the globe, trying to relive and show off a grubby past in some God-forsaken corner of the universe—that I claim is lunacy.

OK, I'm nuts. That's an excuse of sorts, for me. But how do you explain my wife? She actually went with me. Of course, she claims that she just didn't trust me so far out of her sight—but again, that's only a very shallow excuse.

I suppose that when you come right down to it, both of us had an overgrown case of wanderlust. Except for the war, I'd never been more than a hundred miles from home in my life. And when a week-end trip to Kansas City looms up as a big event in your life, you can bet your bottom dollar that the memory of the jungle can grow into the most romantic and wonderful dream it's possible to imagine.

But why go into it? One day, we broke out of our humdrum little world, and a few weeks later, we were walking inland from the coast of New Guinea, admiring the scenery, and gabbing insanely about how different this was from Missouri. All of which gives you an idea of how cockeyed we really were.

For a few days, it was fun. Edie always is a good kid to be with. This was like a vacation in the woods. We joked about the insects, the heat and everything else. We were like a pair of youngsters turned loose in Paradise for the first time. I was trying to show her the whole picture of our long campaign, and she was a most appreciative audience.

But after a while, the fun sort of vanished. The jungle is like that. It's really too stinking, too damp, too hot, too overgrown—in fact, just too damn primitive to allow even the rosiest imagination to hide it for very long.

The jungle is the jungle. It's mean and it's devilish. It's no place for a civilized man if he can help it. It's no place for a civilized woman, whether she can help it or not. And that's that.

So we decided to get out—go back and refight the war from more comfortable surroundings. We'd seen the jungle—felt it—and enjoyed ourselves to some small extent in the process. Now it was time to get out, while a few illusions were still left.

But that was easier said than done. The jungle is as easy as hell to get into. But once you're in, it's like a giant trap. It doesn't give up its catch without a struggle. It's going to keep you if it can—or at least make a damn good try at it.

We made a brave start on the return trip, but trouble began almost immediately. First of all, jungle trails aren't American highways. They're called—trails—and sometimes they're not even very much of that. We had a good map, and a compass, but with the trail winding every which way, and branching off in crazy forks every few miles, it was all too easy to get lost. And believe me, if it's possible for a fellow from the prairies to get lost in the woods, he'll do it. Or at least I will.

The only consolation we had when we made camp for the night was that it was dry season. For the

rest, everything was as wrong as could be. I hadn't yet reached the point of nervous prostration, but I seemed to be tending toward it. Edie, however, was already showing the strain.

She huddled close to me, during the black, noisy night, and I could feel her body trembling as she listened to the ceaseless din of the jungle night. Screams and roars and horrifying guttural grunts filled the cold night air. The jungle never sleeps. Always before, we'd enjoyed the chattering and padding of heavy paws in the throbbing darkness. We'd thought of it as the applause of an audience, watching our sentimental journey with appreciation and approval.

But tonight, they sounded like fearful enemies, crouching just beyond our small fire. And the circle of black that began at the edge of its pale, flickering glow, seemed like the grim, hungry maw of waiting death.

The stabs of fear increased with each passing hour. We couldn't sleep. Each time the fire started to die down, and the small circle of light grew smaller, the ravenous void seemed literally to leap forward, as if trying to swallow us in one huge, greedy gulp, and we'd jump to build up the fire again.

BY MORNING, WE were completely exhausted. We tried to regain our spirits with the coming of the light, but we couldn't quite make it. We were scared and lost—and we knew it. The pretenses we had made to ourselves the day before, were like so much nonsense now. And our nerves, jangled by sleeplessness as well as fear, jumped at every tiny sound, screamed at the sudden stirring of a blade of grass.

We got completely lost that day. The trail we had chosen, one that apparently led back to the coast, seemed different from the others. But, so long as it was going in our direction, we followed it. It seemed to have no branches at all, as it ran through dense brush, trees and tangled vines, all surrounded by the ever-present Kunai grass.

I'd guess that we had come along it some four or five miles when it abruptly curved inland. We didn't think much about it at the time, since we knew that most trails twisted sharply as they cut the easiest way through the jungle growth. But this one was unusual. It didn't seem to twist at all. Instead, having turned inland, it continued that way, straight as an arrow, as if it had been cut with planning and precision.

It was late in the afternoon when we recognized that any hope of reaching the coast along that route was uncertain. We had just about made up our minds to stop and turn around to make our way back again, when the trail ended, suddenly, in a small clearing.

It was too perfect an opportunity to lose. The trail, all through the afternoon, had been so narrow, and bordered with such thick growth that any chance of finding a camping site was out of the question. But here was one made to order.

"Let's stay here until morning," I suggested to Edie. "We'll never get very far before night anyway. What we need is some rest. A good night's sleep'll fix us up. And tomorrow, we'll be in better shape to work our way back and try again."

Edie shuddered, then slowly nodded her head. "All right, if that's what you want Dan," she

(Continued on page 56)

# Free Love For Teenagers

by NORTON McVICKERS

THE PROBLEM of teaching sex to youngsters has always been a difficult one. It isn't just a matter of reticence, though that of course enters into it. Rather, it's always been the huge gulf that separates the easily spun word-pictures from the actual practice.

Now it's a fact that the most inexperienced human beings can get along somehow in their sex lives, successfully reproducing the species and, in a legal sense, fully consummating a marriage. Yet, as any psychologist will readily admit, these hopeless fumbling and mechanical procedures hardly make for happiness, contentment and true love. It's been recognized for years that the accomplished practitioner has a far greater chance of building and keeping a happy home than the bumbling beginner.

In the old days, the solution was simple. At the approach of manhood, a father or an elder brother—or some interested male relative—would, after a verbal explanation, take the boy to the nearest

red-light house, there to begin the business of putting into practice the lessons just given. In short time the boy would emerge a man, perhaps not nearly so expert as he thought, but at least not an untried novice. As time went on, further visits, either in secret or in the company of friends, would gradually improve the novice's expertise until he at last was fit to face the world alone.

The subject was rarely discussed in the presence of women folk, on the theory that what the girls didn't know wouldn't hurt them, but by the time marriage rolled around, brides found in their husbands profoundly well-educated professors ready willing and able to guide them through the pathways of love. It was called "sordid," but it was certainly most effective.

Them days is gone forever, as they say. Prostitution, where it does exist—and that's pretty much everywhere—has gone the way of all service industries, legal and illegal. That means it costs like hell. Maybe

(Continued on page 49)



*This bold new plan has resulted in lower  
delinquency rates, an improved social  
conduct, and a generally  
better community life!*





# Your Next Meal

*Americans are eating four times as much fatty food as any other*

by MARCUS T. DOUD

**T**HE AMERICAN PUBLIC is eating itself into the grave." Thus, in a single sentence, a leading American physician recently summed up what has come to be a scientific indictment of our dietary habits. And he wasn't fooling. All in all, the average American eats better—and dies sooner—than the citizens of every other nation on the globe.

For example: it has long been known that thin people live an average of fifteen years longer than stout ones. Yet, the United States produces more stylish stouts, more overweights, more large, heavy,

bulky, fat citizens than the combination of any two nations—including Russia and China.

So we eat well. Agreed. How does that hurt? As an opener, let us examine the record concerning one of the fatal consequences of our feeding habits, a deadly disease called atherosclerosis. This is a form of arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries.

Atherosclerosis is a name to remember. It is the deadliest of all scourges of modern civilization. It is responsible for most of the sudden deaths we read about and kills more Americans than any other affliction. It is so devastating that it is called the "Captain of Death" and "Public Killer Number One."

Over the course of a single generation approximately 7,500,000 people will die of this disease.



*Not only heart attacks and strokes affect us, but hospitals are also filled with patients suffering from kidney, arm and leg disease, brought on by a bad diet.*

# May KILL You

***people of the world and it's leading us straight into the grave!***

Over the course of four generations that make up the total population, some 30,000,000 persons will die from this single cause. That adds up to one out of every five. The chances are pretty good that it has already hit at least one person of your own family.

Furthermore, atherosclerosis has but little to do with age. Some people in their seventies are practically free of it. But young people, men especially, can be stricken with coronary thrombosis in their forties, thirties or even twenties! Autopsies of a group of 500 American soldiers killed on the battlefields of Korea showed unmistakable signs of coronary disease in more than 75 percent. Their ages ranged from 19 to 23. It has been suggested that the only reason atherosclerosis is more com-

mon in older people is that their arteries have had more time to develop a higher degree of the disease.

And what causes it? Well, according to the latest opinion in the medical world, hardening of the arteries is created by a diet containing a heavy concentration of fats—especially butter fats. These fats apparently increase the body's production of cholesterol, a fatty alcohol. Strictly speaking, the cholesterol idea is not new, but in recent years much more knowledge about it has been gathered through experimentation with animals.

The first clue to the new theory came to light when we discovered that the arteries of atherosclerosis sufferers contained high concentration of cholesterol.

Arteries are the "life- (Continued on page 52)



# Way Out Front

*Anne Walker, an aspiring young actress, has already appeared in a full length nudist movie!*





## Way Out Front

*Black-haired, green-eyed Anne Walker is a tiny thing, only 5'2" tall. But in the up-front department, she fills out to an extra-special 38-22-38 inches!*



# REVENGE of the NAZI LOVE DOLL

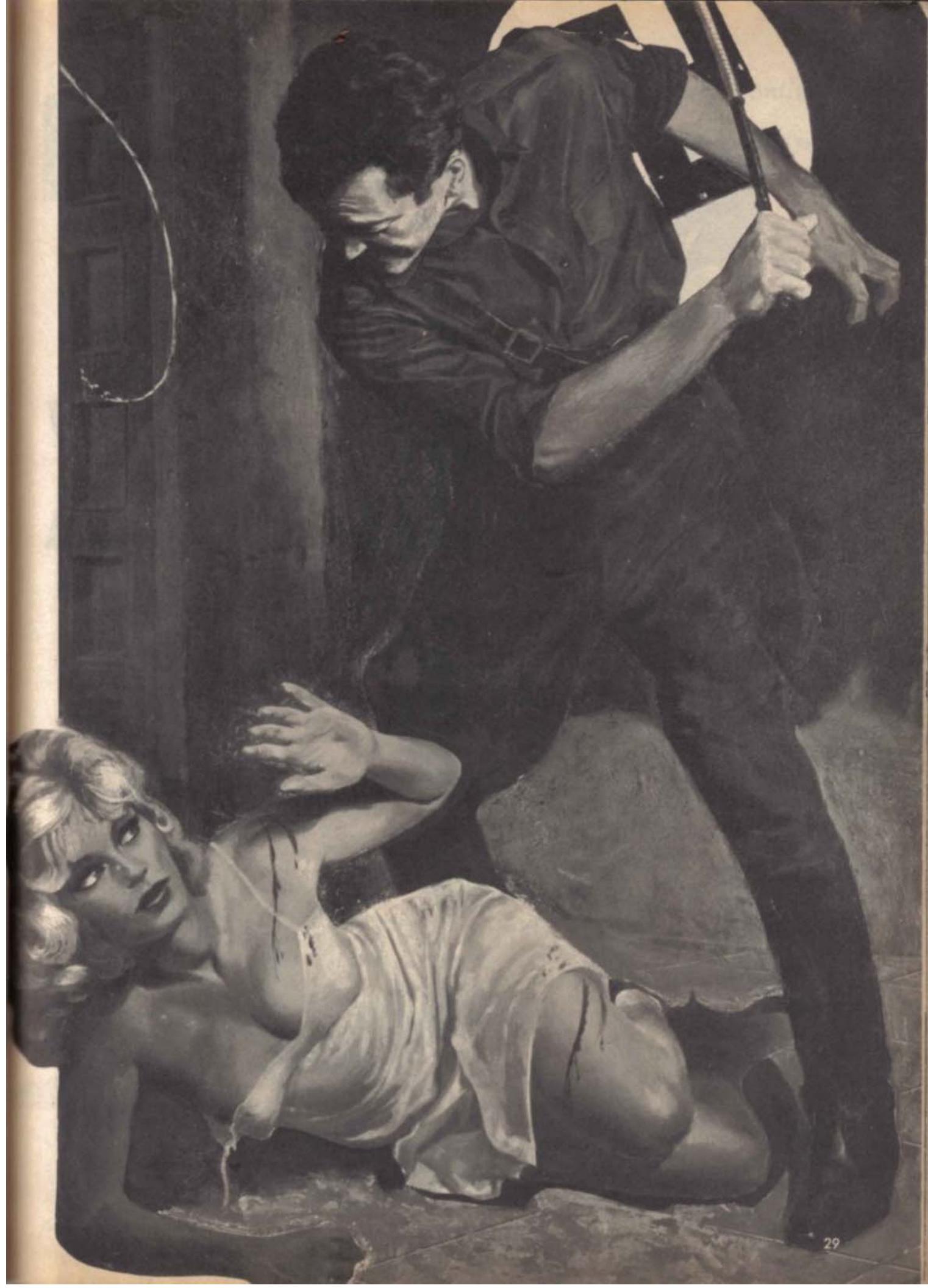
■ I WAS ONLY SIXTEEN when I married Willi Vogel; the happiest day of my life. Ever since I could remember, I'd loved my Willi. We'd grown up together. And now, finally, my father had given his blessings to the marriage.

After church, there was the reception. We danced, we laughed—everyone was so kind. And finally, with the cheers and good wishes of friends ringing in our ears, we departed on our honeymoon.

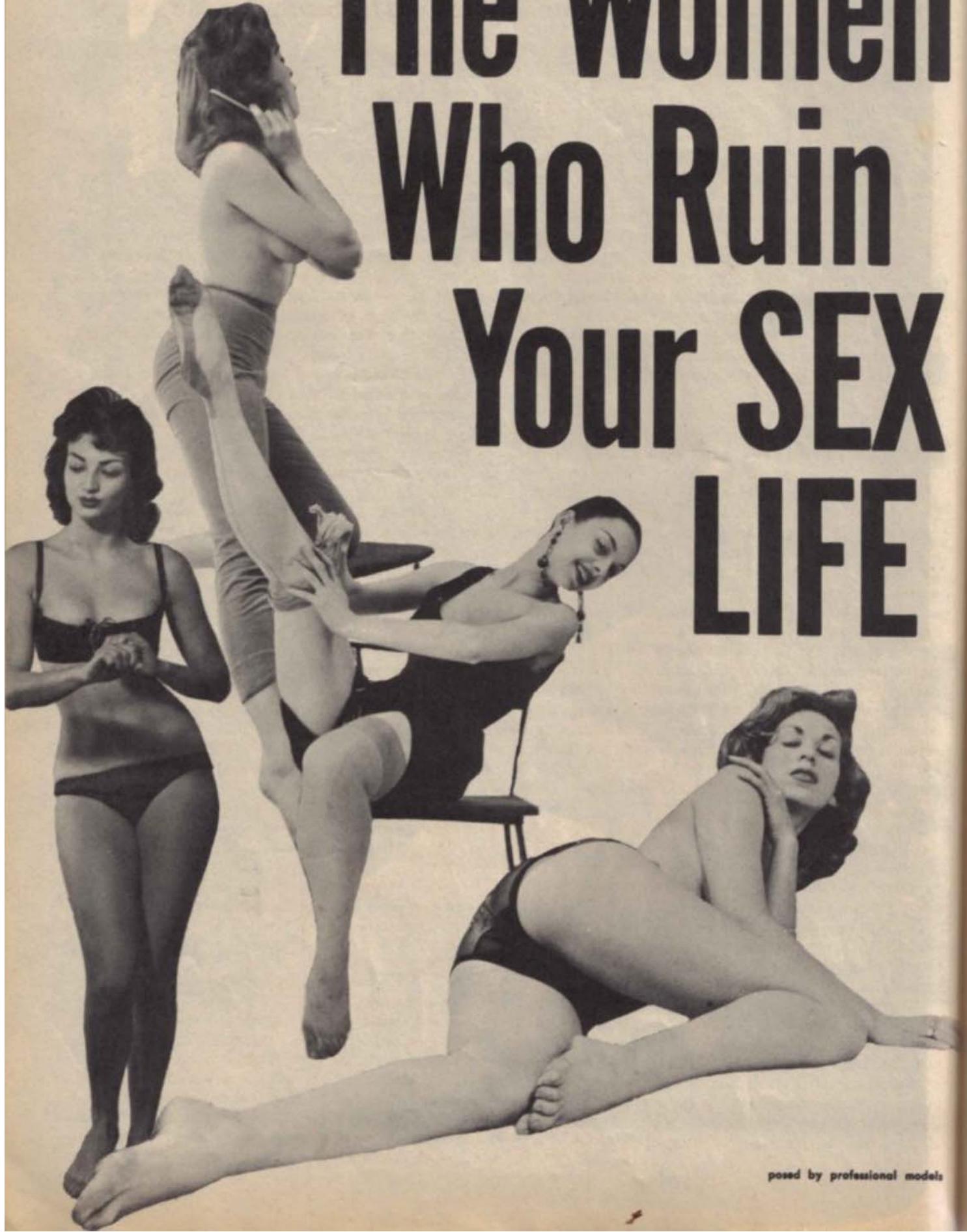
Berlin in the thirties was a happy city. True, Hitler was in power, and already the knot of dictatorship was tightening around the throat of our homeland. But that seemed very unimportant at the time. (Continued on page 45)

by MARIA MAUCH

*It would be no mere underling of the SS against whom I would work. Only a man who was one of the top rulers of the Reich would be fit to become the lover whom I planned to destroy!*



# The Women Who Ruin Your SEX LIFE



posed by professional models

# **With excessively aggressive behaviour, insults and continual degrading remarks, they seem to be trying to destroy a man's ego!**

by **V. HARRIS RIDENOUR**

**A** FEW WEEKS ago, a Midwestern businessman committed suicide, leaving in explanation a farewell note that caused the eyes of policemen and reporters to pop when they read it.

"I can't go on," the dead man had written. "I am only 32, but I am no longer a man. My wife has destroyed my manhood . . ."

Post-mortem examination proved that the suicide victim was intact physically. A quiet subsequent investigation by police and medical authorities revealed that his reference to "destruction" was figurative. The businessman's overbearing, domineering wife had destroyed his manhood psychologically, reducing him to complete impotence.

Unable to enjoy the normal pleasures with his wife, the man had attempted to "recover" his "lost" masculinity by embarking on a series of sexual adventures with pickups and prostitutes. All had been complete failures. Convinced that he was, in fact, impotent at 32, the poor wretch had killed himself.

Intrigued by the case and its implications, one enterprising newsman interviewed Dr. Burgess Guttenplan, the prominent psychiatrist and specialist in male psychosexual problems.

"Isn't this an unusual, even unique case?" the journalist asked.

"Not at all," Dr. Guttenplan shook his head. "There are, today, untold numbers of American men with precisely the same problem. There is nothing wrong with them physically, but they are to all intents and purposes completely lifeless. They have been virtually unsexed—from a psychological standpoint—by their wives. They are little more than eunuchs dancing attendance on the very women who have deprived them of their drive and ability!"

Harsh words? Perhaps. But Dr. Guttenplan's statement dramatically emphasizes conditions that many psychiatrists, sociologists, medical doctors and domestic relations counsellors have noted—and deplored—for many years.

Dr. Waldon McNeill Elbrook, noted author of "The Sexual Decline of the American Male," is another authority who has made forceful comments on the subject recently.

"There appears to be a definite social-pattern trend toward what might well be termed 'de-masculinization of men in general and husbands in particular throughout the United States,'" Dr. Elbrook charges. "This phenomenon can be ascribed to many causes and influences. Among these are the greatly increased freedom, independence and authority which women, especially wives, have seized for themselves since World War II."

Dr. Elbrook explains that these causes have had the effect of lowering or debasing the status and position of the male to such an extent that serious psychological damage has been done to innumerable men. The far-reaching effects of the trend that he describes have been widely observed. They range from such common and generally recognized phenomena as lessening of the husband's and father's authority in the home all the way to causing actual and complete impotence in a significantly high percentage of married men!

"I feel that I'm cowed and brow-beaten by my wife . . ."

"It's ridiculous, I know, but I'm terrified to make a decision or a move without obtaining my wife's advice and approval beforehand. I live in constant fear that I will be derided or berated by her . . ."

"We've only been married two years, yet it seems that my wife has taken over everything in my life completely . . ."

So it begins. These are typical of the statements heard constantly by psychiatrists and domestic relations counsellors from baffled, confused husbands. Such complaints are only the start, only a very small part of the overall story.

There are great numbers of men—possibly two million or more, is Dr. Guttenplan's estimate—whose domineering, aggressive wives have destroyed their sexual potency. These men have been unsexed by their wives, "de-masculinized" as Dr. Elbrook so aptly puts it.

Examples of this are very familiar to psychiatrists and physicians. We have all had as "patients" many young, otherwise robust and vigorous men who have complained of "losing" their sexual vitality, desire and ability.

"I was perfectly all right before I was married—and even for a considerable time afterwards. I can't understand what's happened to me. I feel sapped and exhausted . . ."

"My wife is young and attractive—but I have little interest or desire and almost no ability . . ."

"No matter how I try, I—well, I simply *can't!*"

**I**HAVE PICKED these verbatim declarations at random from my own files. The first was made to me by a strapping, handsome 26-year-old salesman, the second by a 25-year-old mechanic, the last by an electrician who, at 29, was in the pink of physical condition.

There was nothing *physically* wrong with these men. Nor was there any physical defect or failing in the 500 or more similar cases which are in my files.

"But how can a healthy, normal man become impotent?" is the question the (Continued on page 42)



Resistance was useless. There was no law that could touch them. Women did as they were told, or they were killed.



# MASTERS of HELL

*As the dead lay in unintended piles in  
the streets, the gravediggers ran  
riot in an orgy of terror and rape!*

by IRWIN PORGES

■ PILED HIGH WITH its grim load, the creaking cart lurched along the rough streets. At each house where it halted there was heard the tinkling of bells. Never before had tiny bells attached to a jester's hat sounded so ominous. The living and well stopped to cross themselves, while the sick, screaming in pain, heard the notes as a dirge.

The *Monatti*, the depraved haulers of the sick and dead — the gravediggers of Milan — were dressed oddly, decorated with feathers and ribbons of bright colors. For them, the Great Pestilence — The Plague — was a time of gayety and mirth.

The dead were dragged callously along the ground, feet first, and dumped into the cart. Some of the bodies were still warm. From an attic window, a crazed woman leaned out, waving her arms in agony and screaming, "Here I am! Here I am! Take me now."

The *Monatti* burst into uproarious laughter: "Don't be impatient, one shouted back. "We'll be sure to get you tomorrow!"

The cart moved on and approached a large house where mother and daughter clung to each other in despair as the noises became louder, and the sounds of heavy feet and men's voices carried to their ears. Each day had passed in fearful, (Continued on page 60)



# natural beauty

MA. LOVES D.W.

*You can't see the forest*

*for the trees, when the*

*leaves hold Diane Webber!*

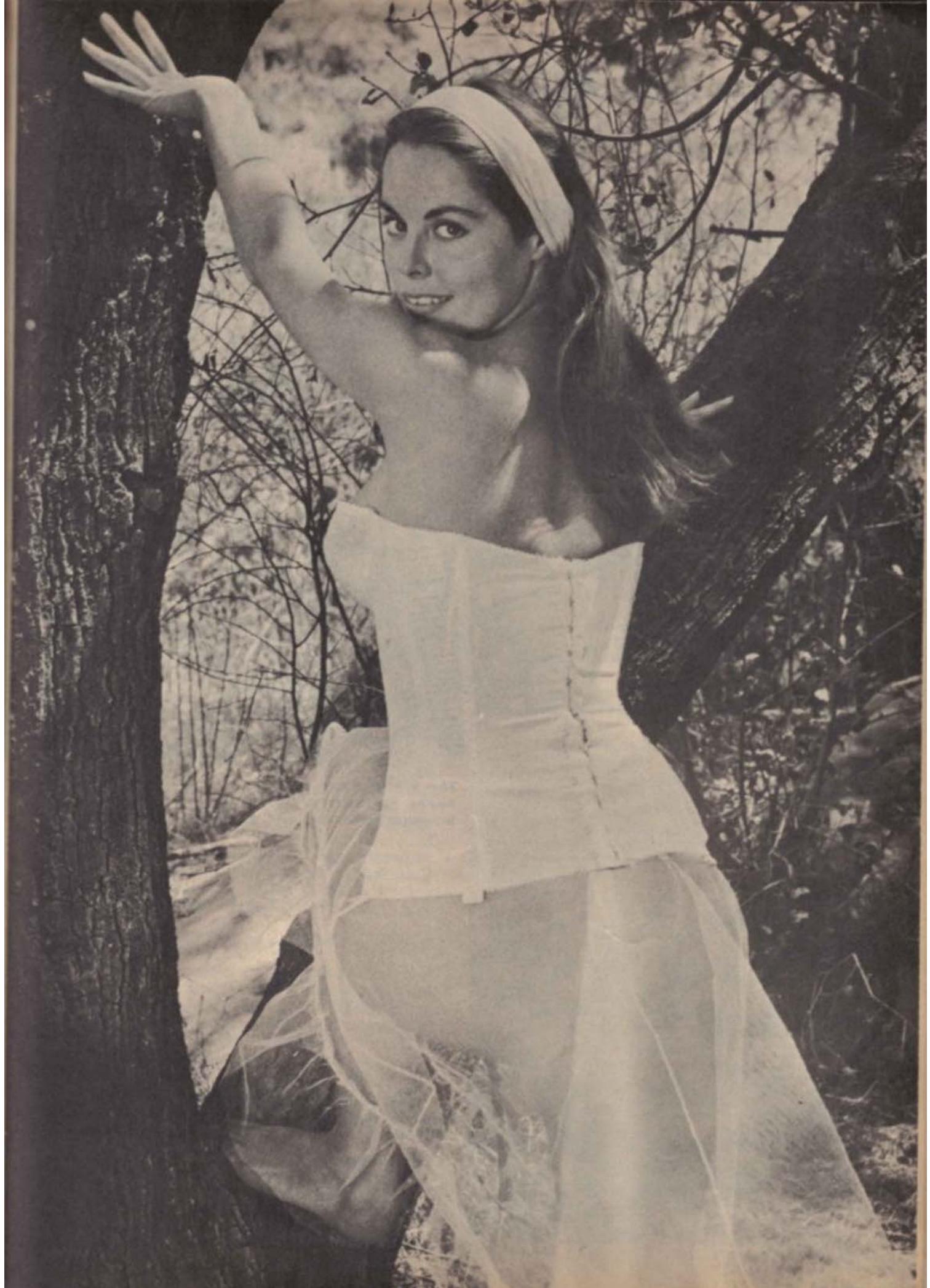




**natural beauty** continued

*Take 110 lbs. Pack 'em into a  
38-24-36 inch figure and  
you get lovely Diane Webber!*





**Not only did he know where the gold was hidden, but he also had a complete plan by which he hoped to get it out of the Soviet!**



**The White Army set off across Russia with high hopes for victory. They carried with them an immense treasure, the possession of the Czar.**



**As they reached the Siberian wastelands, the distance and the weather began to take their toll. Slowly the army melted away into nothing.**

# The LOST HOARD of the ROMANOFFS

ANONYMOUS

**C**APTAIN DRANKOVITCH lay on his back in the thick muck at the foot of the stairs. His two gold teeth glittered in the flickering light of our torches as he lay there grinning at us. Drankovitch didn't have a hell of a lot to grin about. He'd been dead for 40 years, preserved in the ice and cold of Siberia.

"This is the place!" said Slava. "See the bullet hole in his ugly skull? Right where I shot him in 1919!" Slava spit at the mildewed bones and bitterly muttered a dark Russian curse.

I said, "O.K. Slava. So here's Drankovitch. But where's the gold?"

Slava led the way across the ankle deep muck in the cellar of the ruined church. There was a padlocked wooden door at the opposite corner, between two stone pilasters. The padlock was a solid chunk of rust after all these years. But the door was just a slab of rotten wood. Slava, with a theatrical gesture, kicked at it with his booted foot. Two good kicks splintered it into a cloud of misty sawdust. Tania and I gagged on the graveyard dust as it settled. Then we saw the gleam of Slava's torch on the gold in the room beyond and we didn't mind the smell at all.

Slava grinned from ear to ear and said, "Now maybe you believe Slava?"

The room was crammed full of gold bullion. Not as much as old Admiral Kolchack was supposed to have lost, but enough to set us up for life.

I picked up one of the brick-sized ingots. It wasn't easy. Gold is heavier than lead. I turned it over and saw the double headed eagle of the Czar stamped on it. It was the Imperial treasure, all right. I turned to Slava and said, "Well, old timer, we sure have come a long way together, haven't we?"

**I** REMEMBER the way it had all started. Back in Hollywood, before the war. I was a skinny kid of 16 who wanted to learn how to ride a horse.

Slava Bogdanov, an ex-Czarist officer and Hollywood stunt man, had a little riding stable out in the San Fernando Valley. After school, I used to go

out there and bum rides. The horses had to be exercised, and Slava let me earn the price of the rides by working around the stables.

I guess Slava was pretty lonely. His whole family had been wiped out by the Bolsheviks. I remembered how we used to sit in the back room, after we'd finished grooming the horses and Slava would tell me about life in the White Russian army.

The story I always liked best was how he'd retreated across Siberia with Admiral Kolchack and what was left of the White army, after the Czar had been murdered and the Reds had scattered the loyalist forces.

Kolchack had nearly 1,000,000 people in his party when they started. Most of them were women and children, families of the White army men. By the time they staggered out the other side of China, there were less than 25,000. They'd left the rest to rot on the Siberian plains.

That wasn't all they'd left, though. Kolchack had salvaged the imperial treasure from the Moscow mint, 500 tons of pure gold, enough to upset the balance of world trade. Kolchack was determined to keep the Reds from getting their hands on it, and he succeeded.

Somewhere between the Urals and Lake Baikal, while the long weary column staggered down the trans-Siberian railway, the gold vanished overnight—all of it.

Nobody knew what had happened to it. It had been there the night before. In the morning it was gone. Kolchack and his officers knew it couldn't have gotten far. After all, how far can you carry 500 tons?

Unfortunately, they didn't have time to look for it. The Reds were right on their tail. Slava used to love that part of the story. He'd sit there and say, "Nobody ever found it, boy. Not the Romanoffs, not the Bolsheviks. Not one bar of it. Nobody knows to this day what became of it." And then he'd chuckle and a grim smile would play across his face. "Nobody but Slava!"

That's all I could get out of him. He wouldn't even hint at what had

(Continued on page 40)



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## HOARD OF THE ROMANOFFS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

happened to the gold, and after a while I forgot about it.

Then, when I was in my first year at UCLA, the Japs plastered Pearl Harbor and I wasn't interested in horses anymore. I spent my time learning to handle an eight-inch howitzer for Uncle.

When the war was won, and the world was once again safe for Mom's blueberry pie and the Sunday funnies, Slava had disappeared. Somebody said he'd gone back to Russia. The Soviet's offered a general amnesty right after the war, and a lot of homesick White Russians had gone back to sit around the Samovar again. I forgot Slava and his crazy story about the imperial treasure.

And then, last year, we met again.

**I**T WAS IN MAGNITOGORSK, the steel making town in the southern Urals. I'd been sent there by my firm to show the Evans what was wrong with some of the American equipment they had in the mills.

Magnitogorsk was built by American engineers and is a dead ringer for Gary, Indiana. With the cold war thawing out a little, the Evans wanted to order some more machinery. My job was to help figure out what they needed.

I had a snappy little brunette, named Tania, as translator. She was a knock-out to look at. Small, for a Russian babe, she was curved enough for a big boy to handle. Her Russian was fine. Her English was lousy. I needed another translator to tell me what the hell she was translating. But I figured I'd muddle through, somehow.

I'd invested three nights and seven bottles of vodka trying to get her into my hotel room and I didn't want to lose my investment.

Tania was fine, at the night club in town. Out at the mill she was a mess. She just couldn't handle steel-making talk. Finally, the head of the engineering department remembered he had a foreman who'd been in the States for a while before the war. It turned out to be Slava!

Maybe it was just the added years. Slava was getting on towards sixty-five or so. But it still shocked me to see how beat he looked. I thought he'd forgotten me, when the mill boss introduced us.

Then I realized he was pretending not to know me for some reason of his own. I went along with the gag.

Slava and I began talking steel like total strangers and the mill boss never knew that we knew each other.

Slava started hanging around with me in the plant, never letting on he knew me, while Tania tagged along behind. I couldn't use her to talk steel, but making steel wasn't what I had in mind for her.

Tania had an innocent, baby faced expression on her dark Ukrainian face. But she was no dope. The three of us were alone for a minute, in the drafting room, when Tania suddenly said, "You two are old comrades. Why are you trying to hide it?"

Slava and I both tried to look innocent. He made out pretty good. I'm afraid my ears got red. They always do when I lie. When we both insisted she was full of bull she shrugged and said, "Nochevo, it doesn't matter."

Later that day, as I was leaving the plant, Slava slipped me a note. As soon

as I dropped Tania off at the hotel, I took a look. It read, "Meet me at Hotel Kalanin Bar."

The Kalanin Bar had been dead almost as long as the first president of the Soviet Union. It didn't smell much better. The Kalanin was a dive by the railway station. No big shot Communist would have been caught dead in it. That's why Slava picked it.

Briefly, he filled me in on what had happened to him since his return to Russia. The Reds had tossed him in the pokey right off the boat. Amnesty or no amnesty, Slava had dug salt for a few years and then, after Stalin died and things eased up a bit, he was put to work in the steel mills.

By guts and hard work, Slava had worked his way up to shop foreman. But by now Slava had had it. He wanted me to get him out of the country.

**I** SAID, "How in hell can I, Slava? You know how they watch the Americans. Hell, the minute I shake off Tania the MVD will be looking for us. They'll be watching for us at the border with a fine tooth comb. I couldn't slip a cockroach out from under the iron curtain, let alone a six foot ape like you!"

"We go across at Turkish border. I know place we get across easy. I was stationed there in Army. Is secret trail through the mountains very few people know."

"Sure. Forty years ago it was secret! For all you know the Reds have a patrol post right in the middle of it. And how do I explain to my company why I suddenly blew out in the middle of an assignment? I'll lose my job."

Slava looked hurt. He said, "You think Slava is bum? You think I want handout? Bah! Slava make you partner. We both be so stinking rich we never work again!"

I knew he was trying to con me into helping him. But I sat and let him tell me about the imperial gold, just like when I was the kid in his back room at home. And the more he talked the more sense it made.

"We knew we never make it with all that gold," Slava said. "The Admiral was good man. Loyal to Romanoffs. So were we. But, how much good we do Czar if we dead? The gold slow us up worse than women. The Admiral would not hide it. He knew we might never return. He was determined to keep Bolsheviks from having it. He would burn it, but gold no burn. You no eat it. We starving, freezing in Siberia and Kolchack make us carry that gold."

"Captain Drankovitch call me aside one night and tell me what he and the other officers plan. If Kolchack won't abandon gold, we must do it. We hide it someplace where the Reds not find it so party can go on."

"What Drankovitch say make sense to Slava. That night, while leaders sleep, junior officers hide gold."

"Is not easy to hide 500 tons bullion. Each party take a few hundred pounds and scatter into woods."

"Drankovitch and me, with 45 men, work like beaver all night to hide our share in cellar of church burned by Red troops. Not best place to pick but we have so much gold, so little time. Soldiers carry gold to cellar. Drankovitch and me have them throw dirt on foundations and floor of church. Rest all

burned. Soon whole building is buried. Just big mound of cinders with snow drifting through trees.

"Drankovitch and me have soldiers dig trench beside mound and then, before they know what we do, the Captain and me machine gun detail so they not tell location. A hard, cruel thing to do.

"We bury soldiers. Then Drankovitch tries bury Slava. Just as sun come through trees, Slava hear bolt of machine gun pull back behind him. Is whirling and shooting from hip. Is getting Drankovitch right over left eye.

"Is throwing Drankovitch down the stairs into basement and cover door with dirt and pine needles. When we get back to camp, Admiral is having fit. After little while, scout tell us Reds are coming. We move out. Nobody ever find treasure. None of it. Only Slava know where is gold."

I said, "How do you know they never found it? For all you know, the Reds dug it up the next day."

"You are fool! You think Reds dig up even 100 tons and not show in price of world market?"

"Maybe they played it cool?"

"Bah! Read history books! Lenin is broke for years after Revolution!"

**WELL, SLAVA HAD ME CONVINCED.** Selling Tania on the deal was a little tougher. Slava wanted me to kill her. I didn't even try to explain why I couldn't do it.

But we had to take her with us. The minute she reported me missing, the roof would fall in.

Tania was easier to convince than I'd expected. She was better educated than most Russians. She knew about the Iron Curtain—nylons and free air, she knew what was on the other side of the Kolchack treasure. More important,

By the time I got through telling her about the deal, she was willing to swap a life of listening to American TV commercials with me for one spying on tourists and visitors until the MVD decided she knew too much.

That night, I finally managed to get her up to my room. I guess she couldn't wait. Or maybe she wanted to show me I could trust her! I wasn't sure, but it didn't matter. That little Ukrainian was more fun than I figured, and even if she planned to sell me out in the morning, one night with her was worth it.

A day or so later even Slava had to admit I'd been right to level with Tania. That little mink was a hell of a gal to have on your side. I don't think we'd have made it if she'd played the other side. She knew more angles than a Chinese fan-tan dealer.

Tania arranged an inspection tour for me with a carte blanche travel permit and had Slava assigned as a technical consultant. Not a soul in the Soviet Union thought we were interested in anything but steel as we drove east along the Trans-Siberian Railway.

If you think I'm going to tell you where we drove, you're crazy. Let's just say we drove to a place somewhere between the foothills of the Urals and Lake Baikal. Take your pick. It's only a few thousand miles!

I don't know how Slava found the place, after forty years. The mound was barely visible, a couple of miles from the railway. Slava and I dug down through the needles until we hit charred wood and the trap door to the cellar. We lit torches and went down. The rest you know.

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Of course, we didn't dare take more than a few hundred pounds in the car. A little over 300, to be exact.

If Slava was right, about the hidden trail over the Turkish border, then we'd have a 100 pounds each, at \$35 an ounce or more on the black market.

There wasn't much point in hiding the gold elaborately. If they ever searched the car, they were going to find it. We threw a grey blanket over it, piled our luggage on top, and hoped the papers Tania had gotten for us would impress the natives.

It was easier than I'd expected. Taking turns driving, and pushing the heap hard, we made for Georgia and the Turkish frontier.

Slava was right. The twisting goat bath that wound up into the rugged hills looked as if it hadn't been used for years and we were afraid the car wouldn't make it with the load in back.

But, as I suggested, the route wasn't secret any longer. We ground up the grade towards the Turkish border, came over the crest of the ridge and there, right across the road was a Soviet road barrier with a little red star on top of it and a pair of tommy gun packing Ivans who looked as surprised to see us as we were to see them.

As far as we could see in either direction, there was a double line of barbed wire fence. The guard had a wood and corrugated iron shack by the road and a pole gate across it with a sign that said HALT! In five languages.

The pole gate didn't look like it would stop our car but the iron spikes under it would. The reds had a lazy-tongs arrangement they could stretch across the road. It had six inch tire ripping nails sticking up from it.

TO STOP was a dead give away. There wasn't room to turn around and if we had, they'd have phoned ahead of us. As we coasted toward the gate I said, "Well, gang, do we try it?"

"We have to," Tania said. "It gets cold in those salt mines!"

Slava didn't answer. He had a pistol gripped in his brown fist and the muscles in his jaw were working. I took a piece of paper out of the glove compartment. It was a hotel bill, but that was OK. Nobody was going to read it.

I slowed down the jeep and held the

paper out like I was going to stop and give it to the guard. They relaxed and one started to rest his tommy gun. It was now or never. I hit the gas pedal while I threw her in second gear, and let her rip!

Every chain has its weak link. The gate was too tough to drive through. But the barbed wire fences on either side wouldn't stop a heavily loaded car going down hill. At least, I didn't think they would.

We hit the fence at 45-miles an hour and went through the wire like it was cobweb. If only those guards hadn't had tommy guns, we'd have made it. We were over the border. On Turkish soil. If there'd been a few Turks around we'd have been in free. But there were no Turks. Just Russians. They came right after us. Shooting from the hip.

The tires went and then the gas tank. The jeep burst into flames and rolled to a stop. I piled out, pulling Tania with me.

"Run for those trees!" I yelled at Slava. Then, with tommy gun slugs hammering all around, Tania and I ran for our lives.

We never did figure out if Slava stayed by the burning car and shot it out with the Reds because of the gold, or if he was just tired of running from them. Just as we got to the trees and turned to look back, we saw Slava drop one of the guards with his horse-pistol. Then, as guards boiled out of the shack like ants a row of machine gun bullets stitched along the ground and folded the old Cossack up.

Tania and I didn't see anything else. We ran down the opposite slope and didn't stop until we hit a village.

We don't know what the Communists made of the gold in the car. They're no fools. They must have known when they looked at the gold that it was part of the Kolchack treasure. I'll bet they really gave those boys hell for killing Slava. Now the only ones who know where the gold is are Tania and me.

We're in Portugal now. Never mind where. We're not ready to come back to the States, yet. I've been writing a little, to keep us eating while things cool down. Living costs are cheap here and what I get for this article will help us finance a little trip we have in mind for next year or the year after.

## RUIN YOUR SEX LIFE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

reader is most likely to raise.

The answer to that is one which the psychologist or doctor almost invariably find when they study such cases. It is a condition which is known, scientifically, as "Aphanisis."

"Aphanisis, or psychic impotence, is a sub-conscious or emotional state," explains Dr. Waldon Elbrook. "It's a psychosomatic condition—all in the mind—but it is nonetheless real and actual impotence."

Aphanisis may result from many and varied causes. In this article, however, we are concerned solely with aphanisis—psychic impotence—that is caused by the "de-masculinization" of men by their wives and, in some cases, by their mistresses.

The men with whom this article deals and generally those who are married to strong-willed, domineering females who do not hesitate to "assert themselves." These women use their strong, forceful personalities to dominate their husbands and ride roughshod over their individuality.

There are many reasons why a wife will knowingly and premeditatedly—or, in some cases, unwittingly—set out to crush her husband's personality and "spirit" and destroy his masculinity.

Not long ago, the Psychoanalytical Assistance Foundation selected 536 representative cases of men who had come to the foundation for help in solving their problems of impotence. These were all men who had asked for

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aid because they felt that, somehow, their wives' over-aggressiveness and domination were responsible for their trouble.

The organization's researchers made a thorough study of these men and their wives. Husbands and wives were asked to submit to a lengthy interrogation by trained personnel.

Only 12 percent of the wives admitted that they were over-bearing and domineering toward their husbands. Carefully-designed questionnaires, on the other hand, proved conclusively that 92 percent actually had these qualities.

Why were these women so overly aggressive?

"My mother taught me that the woman has to have the whip-hand . . ."

"Men are only children at heart. They need strong-willed women to run their lives for them . . ."

"A wife has to keep her husband in line . . ."

These are typical of the women's own comments. Their views on the subject of sex are even more revealing.

"Sex? I submit to my husband's advances only because I have to. It's part of the wife's marital duty . . ."

"No. I've never enjoyed my husband. I'm glad that he's not very demanding anymore . . ."

"It's a great relief to know that my husband isn't too interested in sex. He was very demanding for the first year that we were married, but then his drive lessened. There's almost none, now . . ."

The first statements give some clue as to wives' motives. The second indicate the sexual indifference almost always present.

Why are some wives "like that" and how do they cause their husbands' impotence.

The reasons why married women are sometimes "like that" are many. The main underlying factors appear to be:

1. Narcissistic Frigidity—the inability of a woman to love anyone but herself. (Evident in 23% of the women involved in the Foundation's study.)

2. Latent Homosexuality—noted in 18% of the wives questioned. The wife wishes she were the man subconsciously and thus tries to relegate her husband to the traditional, weaker, woman's role.

3. Resentment toward husband—caused by real or imagined lacks or weaknesses on part of husband. (About 21%).

4. Sadistic Tendencies—found in approximately 12% of the women interviewed.

5. Other Neurotic Involvements. Each of these factors motivates the wife to assert, then eventually, to over-assert, herself. She becomes aggressive, domineering and emotionally overwhelms her husband. She sets out to reduce him to what she believes is his proper status as a helpless, dependent weakling. She nags, criticizes, derides him. She uses sex as a weapon.

"I ruled my husband with my body" one woman unblushingly stated. "Then,

after a few years, I could do whatever I wanted with him!"

This is a coarse way of stating the case. Yet, there is a tragically large measure of truth in the remark.

This type of wife usurps for herself what are naturally masculine prerogatives. At first, the husband ignores or shrugs off the encroachments. Then, gradually, his wife's mental, emotional and sexual tyrannies begin to impinge and gnaw away on his subconscious male self-assurance. After a time, fears, insecurities and anxieties take form in his subconscious and the "de-masculinization" process has begun.

The tyrant wife misses no opportunity to blame or ridicule her husband.

"You don't make enough money . . ."

"You're a spineless jellyfish . . ."

"Why can't you do as well as other men . . .?"

Everlasting harping on such themes cannot help but eventually raise self-doubts in any man's mind. He begins to wonder about his abilities. These doubts become firmly fixed in his mind—and lead naturally to uncertainty and anxiety about his masculinity.

Many women resort to the time-worn gambit of making comparisons between their husbands and other men they have known.

"I could have married Tom Jones instead of you. Now Tom is a successful businessman and you're only a salesman . . ."

"Plenty of other men wanted to marry me—and every one has done better than you have in life . . ."

One does not need a degree in psychology to understand that this type of nagging takes on sexual meanings in a husband's mind.

He soon suspects that his wife is really comparing his sexual ability unfavorably with that of other men with whom she had relations. Quite often, he is right in his suspicions.

Right or wrong, the result is neurotic doubt and anxiety as well as jealousy. Usually, a husband will next try to "prove" his prowess and ability to himself. He'll embark on clandestine affairs or resort to prostitutes. As these experiments are made in strained, troubled mental and emotional circumstances, they are almost always foredoomed to failure. The husband is thus convinced that he is incompetent.

**A** PHANISIS — PSYCHOSOMATIC impotence—is an almost inevitable result.

"To 'cure' a married man's psychosomatic impotence, it is almost always necessary to 'treat' the wife first," says Dr. Burgess Guttenplan. "It is she who needs counselling and, in many cases, psychotherapy first. The warps and twists in her mental and emotional makeup have to be unsnarled and straightened out before much help can be given her husband."

Blocked and balked from being a "man," ridiculed and berated into feeling sexually inferior and incompetent, the trapped husband cannot regain his equilibrium until his wife changes or is

made to change her attitude.

Hence, whenever possible, psychologists attempt to interview and counsel the wives of men who come to them because they are psychosomatically impotent.

The wife must be made to realize that the fault is hers—and that her domineering and over-aggressiveness is due to psychological causes which she must try and overcome. These, as we have seen, range from narcissistic frigidity to latent sadism.

In most instances, such a woman will respond to psychiatric treatment quite readily. Once she has begun to see her faults and understand the reasons for them, her attitude toward her husband will change.

This wife becomes less aggressive. Tensions and strains ease. The husband finds that he has mental and emotional "breathing space" in his home environment. He relaxes and then the psychologist can, step by step, demonstrate to him that his problem is purely mental and that there is really nothing "wrong" with him.

The proverbial ounce of prevention is still, however, worth a pound of cure.

Men must realize that nature has assigned different roles to men and women. The married man must understand this from the wedding day onward. He must meet any attempt to domineer or "rule" by his wife firmly.

If a married man sees that his wife is developing a nagging, over-aggressive personality pattern, he should consult with either his physician or a domestic relations counsellor. Otherwise, the constant, daily repetition of the wife's complaints and accusations are liable to "chip away" at his masculine self-confidence and, eventually, undermine his masculinity itself.

Understandably, most males are reluctant to seek outside help and to take their domestic problems to counsellors or advisors. But, under the stresses and pressures of contemporary living, the great freedom enjoyed by wives enables them to "smother" their husbands' independence and virility. The male who does not take immediate steps to assert his own masculinity is liable to find himself overwhelmed.

The husband who indifferently allows his domineering wife to gain the upper hand and supinely accepts an inferior role in the domestic relationship is endangering his mental and emotional health. He is courting destruction of his manhood.

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## SIEGE OF THE KILLER APES (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

man was not the biggest of the males, he was certainly the oldest. And . . . he was getting too old. He was the shaggiest of the herd, and while perhaps I only imagined it, his hair seemed to be turning grey. The younger members of the species have a definite olive cast, while their faces are pink, and dog-shaped, resembling the "chow."

The buttocks of this small ape are calloused, for the most part, showing up as dark, reddish-pink expanses. The seatpads of the females in heat, however, swell noticeably and turn bright scarlet.

The two in the old man's harem were continually flagging him by stooping over in front of his face, elbows on the ground and legs straight. This is called "presenting." He was well aware of them. They were allowed to eat what they wanted, and he turned from one to the other, picking through their fur and grooming them. The other males and their harems kept a little further away from the bulk of the fruit. Two of them also had females in heat. All of the females not in heat watched their mates furtively. Now and then they would sneak a pear, putting it down quickly if he looked up.

Most of that afternoon was spent in the favorite baboon pastime—picking through one another's fur. Not only did the masters groom their favorites, but the females, bachelors and infants groomed each other.

Signs of the oncoming civil war came late in the afternoon. The old man, fully occupied with his two mates in heat, had completely ignored his other pair of wives. To his animal mind they weren't worth the time. One of these out of season wives quite obviously didn't agree at all. She wanted attention and she meant to get it. Without warning, she ambled over to the bachelor in his party and "presented." She didn't stop, even when she saw the old man watching her.

At the time, the old man had his hands full with the two who were in heat, and nothing resulted, but along about sundown he finally lost his temper.

He had been a busy boy all afternoon and by now the prickly pears seemed to him a far finer treat than his two boiling wives. The smaller of the pair, who had been "presenting" to him for about an hour became too much of a distraction to his meal. He howled in rage and began to beat her, viciously.

Taking her cue from her cooler associate, the little female ran off a short way and sat down by the bachelor. The old man glared at her for a long moment, and then, as if to show his disdain, turned to his other eager female.

The moment his back was turned, the chastised one propositioned the bachelor.

That was when I began to get excited over my good luck. If his wife was willing to play footsie, I knew that the old man must be losing his grip. However, nothing happened immediately. The errant wife at last returned to her master and as it was already well after dusk, the herd began to settle down for the night, murmuring quietly as they snuggled together in various crevices nearby. I dozed fitfully in my cramped prison.

EARLY the next morning the situation exploded. It was started by the same flirtatious little female. She began grooming the old man at the first light of day. He gave her a wallop that sent her rolling. Then he appeared to go back to sleep. She looked at him unhappily, picked up a pear and ate it. With a rambling, slow gallop she went over to the nearest harem. The master there was awake and he regarded her sleepily for a moment. She presented joyously and he ambled toward her.

The old man howled and barked. His bushy eyebrows shot up and down in frantic fury and he alternately beat the ground and made shadow-boxing thrusts with his fists. He threatened with his mouth stretched wide, showing his powerful jaws and teeth. On an instant the herd was on its feet. Females drew back and the howling males, including the bachelors, pitched in. For a time it seemed the frenzied group were all against the wayward mate and the mate stealer, but shortly they turned on the old man. The dallying female showed no fight, but was mounted and possessed by one after another of the raging males. The old man got her back momentarily and his added blows about the head left her senseless, but he in turn was beaten by the other males and it was obvious that he had lost complete command.

The high-pitched battle ended quickly. The female at last lay dead, but her body became a prize. Whenever a male possessed the body, he was frantically attacked by the rest of the males. None of the fights that followed reached the intensity of the first one, but they continued throughout the day. By nightfall the old man had regained his dead female and the other males went off in the direction of their harems. They did not group as closely as they had the first night, however. They were too excited by the fighting, and too interested in the object of it. I supposed then that the old man had for this time made good his claim to leadership and that the next day the fight would be forgotten. I did not know that these ani-

mals do not recognize the signs of death and that the body of the dead female still symbolized a new mate to the male who finally possessed her.

The next morning, one of the bachelors stole the body from the old man. He was up at once and his screaming fury roused the group. The battle resumed with howling and barking and the sounds of beatings that I could not see. There were a few more fights during that morning, but time and again the old man got the body back and there was quiet for a little while. His interest in the dead mate was intense only when another male tried to approach. The rest of his time was devoted to the grooming and stimulating of the remaining female in heat. His two other living mates quietly waited on one side. At mid-afternoon the dead female lay crumpled and dusty beside him. He turned to it less and less frequently as the day wore on. His adversaries were busy grooming their own mates and eating pears. They had apparently lost interest.

By nightfall I had made a resolution. The old man had apparently forgotten his dead mate and I wanted one of these sacred baboons to skin and preserve for the taxidermist back home. The dead one would be fine and I did not want to kill needlessly. The body lay just ten feet from my blind and a good six yards from the old man. I opened my stone door and crept out breathlessly. I was breathless from the stench as well as from fear and excitement, for in this hot land the body had begun to smell only a couple of hours after death. Keeping my eyes on the old man I crawled out. I slipped my hands under the stiffened corpse and edged backward toward the blind. To cut down on noise I tried to lift instead of drag, but she was too heavy. There was noise, yet I got back inside with the body without waking any of the tribe. But I wasn't going to risk being caught by the baboons just to put my prize outdoors again. There was no sleep that night as I peered out the camera slits watching. I noticed the pears were almost gone and I prayed the herd would move on the next day so that I could take the stinking corpse and go.

I was still keeping vigil when morning broke. The old man roused first. He turned to where the body had been and sniffed and pawed through the gravelly sand. You could almost see realization creep over him. Then he sat down and gave out a truly blood-curling howl, his eyebrows working feverishly. With the rest of the group awake he turned on them, alternately barking and snarling. He was furiously shadow-boxing, then suddenly he leaped to all fours and bounded off toward his chief enemy. He broke into the harem and knocked over

one of the females but, seeing this was not his lost mate, he galloped back to the place she had lain last. The other males had been close on his heels and they milled about, their barking and howling deafening me. Sweat from my armpits trickled down my sides and my face was streaming because I knew then what was going to happen.

An ominous quiet came over the group when they began seriously sniffing the trail. Their frenzy subsided and they were slow and intent as they started toward me. That was when I remembered the dog whistle. Two thoughts struck me. The first was of Joe and Calico in their safe, secure camp. Maybe the dog would hear it and maybe, just maybe, they would come to me. Unwanted and feared came the realization that the baboons might hear too. What would the whistle do to them? Frighten them? Or bring them on in a frantic orgy?

I hesitated but from my black pit I saw them coming closer, fangs bared and snouts wrinkled. I blew with all my might and they stopped cold. One of the bachelors stopped fast his ears and started furiously circling and yipping. The others barked, howled, and slugged one another. Then in concert they came on headlong. I blew again and disrupted them. But in the next headlong plunge they reached the blind and were clambering over it frantically. I blew again, but a rock had been pushed in and it ripped flesh off my right hand. I saw a paw reach through the hole, and realized with a sixth sense that there were fingers grappling through one of my camera slits. "If the smell of the corpse had not been enough," I thought, "the smell of blood will be now." I had the sense to chuck my camera and film down my shirt and then I blew again.

Their howling, after the momentary cessation caused by the whistle, blocked all logical thought and it seemed as if I had been paralyzed for a day, although I knew later it had only been a few minutes. The slab door was caught up and off it came. "This is it!" I thought, and I braced myself for the powerful, savage fangs.

## NAZI LOVE DOLL (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Politics was for other people. To me, one government was like all the rest. There was wine and there was music—most important, there was Willi. That was all that really mattered.

We were far from rich, so we couldn't afford to stay at one of the grand hotels. But we had a room in one of the smaller hostleries, a lively place that fitted our gay mood. Even after we retired that first night, we could hear the shouting and revelry from the beer hall below.

It didn't bother us much, at first. Later on, though, sometime after midnight, it began to get louder and closer.

Then I heard Joe's voice. "Hey! Are you there?" I rolled over and he dragged me out. We got to the jeep. A rough, wet, sloppy tongue was licking my face.

"Down, you tree-colored mongrel," Joe said. He meant tri-colored. I rubbed my face and eyes and tried to pull out of it, but I couldn't adjust to the sudden light of day any more than I could get used to the idea that I was safe.

"By Gadfly," Joe was saying. "She knew all right. I told you she was a miracle dog! She started raising Cain five minutes ago. She howled and yowled and nearly went crazy. Then she pulled her rope loose and started out this way. So I caught her and I says to her okay, dog, I'm worried too. Let's pick up that baboon of a boy and get out of this place. So we get in the jeep and come tearing over and there they are. The whole danged outfit, trying to get at you." He stopped a moment and then shook my shoulder. "Hey, you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. I'm okay," I said. I was leaning over, shaking with the dry heaves.

"Hey, lookee that!" Joe was pointing off to the horizon. The old man was staring around a broken bit of stone. "I'll get him," Joe said. He reached for the revolver.

"Put that thing down and get out of here," I said.

He looked at me and he looked at the old man again. "You crazy?" He frowned. "That baboon near killed you. If it weren't for this smart dog . . ."

"Get going!" I yelled. Joe started the engine and I leaned back. "Let the old man have his corpse," I said to myself. "He's not licked yet."

"Man—I tell you that dog is unnatural smart!" Joe was saying. "How in the devil did she know?"

I thought about it for a second or so. Should I say anything? The dog had done a great job. Without her, I'd have been dead for sure.

I decided not to tell him about blowing the whistle. After all the dog was smart. The baboons were smart. I was maybe not so bright but I consoled myself with the thought that the animals I knew were pretty intelligent people. \*

We could hear drunken men shouting in the hallways, banging against doors, raucous and lewd. Occasionally, the roars of the men would be mixed with high-pitched giggling, as some silly girl joined in.

Then there was a sudden crashing against our door! A drunken voice cried out, "Open the door—in the name of the Fuehrer!"

There was a deep bellow of laughter at the remark, from some other men.

We were frightened. We didn't know what to do! Then the knock came again; louder and more insistent. The



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voice called out. "Open up, or we'll break the door down!"

Willi put on his robe and went to the door. Half a dozen drunken men were in the hall, all of them in uniform. We recognized the dress as that of the SA—the vicious brown-shirted Storm Troopers.

They pushed their way into the room, reeling with drink. They saw me . . .

Willi tried to defend me, but it was useless. One of them drew a revolver and clubbed him over the head. After that, it was a nightmare.

When they were finished—long afterwards—I prayed they would go away. But one of them grinned at me and said, "Let's take the chicken along with us. It's a pity to give her up so soon!"

The others chorused approval.

"What'll we do with him?" asked one of the men, pointing at my poor Willi.

Another shrugged, and drew his pistol. "Obviously an enemy of the Reich," he laughed. And with no more thought than that, he shot my husband through the head!

What happened to me that night, I still can hardly remember. I was raped again and again—viciously, brutally. I do know that one of the pigs held a knife to my throat and made me shout "Heil Hitler" each time. By morning I was almost insane. Later, I must have collapsed.

I awoke in a hospital—I think it was the next day. My body was a mass of pain and fire. They gave me morphine and I slept. When I came to again, they questioned me. They told me that all through my delirium I had continually screamed, "Heil Hitler"—over and over again.

But when I started to tell my story, they cut me off quickly. I could see that they were afraid. They would do nothing. When I asked to talk to the police, they hushed me and told me everything had been taken care of—reports had already been filed. The case was closed.

■ AS SOON AS THEY could, they turned me out of the hospital. I was alone, with nowhere to turn. When I went home again, I was received as if I were a leper. Word was out that I had been marked by the Storm Troopers, and everyone, even my own father, was afraid. After a single week, I had to leave. I was completely on my own, with no friends and no family.

When I discovered that I was pregnant, I prayed so hard that the baby would be Willi's. I promised God I would forgive the world everything if I could just have this one tiny memory of my husband. All through the long months of waiting, through the terror and pain and loneliness, I held tightly to that hope.

I applied to the hospital when my time came. But even there, the vindictiveness of the SA followed me. They told me they were sorry, that they were full. There was no room.

And so I had my baby at home—with only an old midwife to ease my pangs.

Strangely, as the pains swept through my body in the moment that should have been my triumph, the old words came back: "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

The midwife left me as soon as I was out of danger. I was alone with my baby. I turned towards it, a feeling of contentment sweeping through me—and then, I recoiled with horror! This was no sweet baby—it was a monster! It was a horrible, mishapen beast—hardly human!

I think I screamed. And then, all the hate that had been bottled up within me for so many months burst forth. "Heil Hitler!" This was his doing, his and the fiendish devils the Nazis had spawned.

A monster? They were *all* monsters. I hated them—every one of them, but most of all I hated Hitler. He stood for everything—the brutality, the pain, the terror. To me, it was all summed up in those two ugly words—"Heil Hitler!"

Let the sin be on my soul forever! I say before God that all my future suffering is only a divinely just atonement for what I did that day. In the secrecy of my room, *I murdered that innocent child for a sin that was not his.*

I had nothing to live for but my hate. I vowed vengeance, though at that time it was an empty vow. There was nothing I could do. I existed as best I could, and worked when I could find work. When I grew too hungry, I lived as a prostitute. Then I had another child, and it too was a monster.

I had vowed never to kill again—until I could kill a Nazi—so I left the result of my misdeeds on the steps of a church.

Four times more in my life, the same thing happened. By then, I knew beyond a doubt that the sickening assault of my wedding night had so affected me, had so cursed me, that I could never bear anything but a monstrous caricature of a human being. And with each accouchement, my undying hate for Hitler and all he stood for intensified. The Storm Troopers had done their work well. To everything evil in life, the words always recur, "Heil Hitler!"

■ IN TIME, MY SITUATION changed. There was the great Blood Purge in which Hitler and Himmler destroyed the Storm Troopers who had threatened their power. Then, as the story of my "martyrdom" was uncovered, I became a Heroine of the Third Reich! They gave me a ribbon to wear—and an indemnity of a thousand marks!

The money got me back on my feet again, and I was able to get a decent job—in a munitions factory. I had a nice place to live and a steady, honest income.

Strangely, it was as if fate were playing some grim joke with me. For against nature, I was even more beautiful than before. It seemed as if it were retribution, a payment in exchange for the deformed children I was producing. Each birth left me lovelier, more desirable than before!

If only I could have riden myself of my insane hatred of the Nazis, I might have been a happy girl. I was only in my early twenties—a lifetime stretched before me.

But with each foul and fiendish birth, my rage, my vow of vengeance was renewed. It was my obsession.

The Great War came. As the years went by and the battles grew in fury, and danger to Germany increased, I began to wonder if perhaps justice was not finally coming to pass. And then fear came to me. Perhaps justice would pass me by, would destroy all the Nazis before I could accomplish my own act of revenge. . . .

My chance came in 1944. Our troops on the Russian front were being bled white. And in the west, everyone knew that the invasion of Europe by the British and Americans was coming at any moment.

To show his faith in the eternity of the Third Reich, Hitler decreed a special program of "breeding." The most perfect specimens of German womanhood, women of proven loyalty to Hitler, would be mated to members of his personal guard. The resulting issue would be consecrated to the service of Nazism—personally adopted by the Fuehrer as his children and wards.

Somehow, perhaps because of my award as Heroine of the Third Reich, I was one of the women chosen for this infamous event.

I went to the camp for only one reason—I had to. It would have meant death—or at best a concentration camp

to have refused. But once there, the idea for my revenge against the Nazis began to take shape. For I discovered that a contest would be held to mate the women—in order of desirability—with the most important young and powerful members of Hitler's personal clique. I knew that if I could be mated high enough to warrant Hitler's attention, the monster I was certain to produce would cause a scandal that would shake the myth of Aryanism and with it, Hitler and the Nazis themselves!

The two best known "personalities" present were Kurt Schloss and Vogt Huebner, both of whom had saved Hitler's life during his tours of the Russian Front. At first, I was successful. In the contest, I won the right to bear the child of Schloss.

Then, my carefully thought-out plan threatened to collapse. On the 6th of June, the Americans came ashore in France. Hitler called a council of advisors, and Schloss was hastily summoned to attend his master.

Everyone is aware of how, at that meeting during which the famous bomb plot to murder the Fuehrer came to light, Schloss was once again the means, although not by intent, of saving Hitler's life.

But meanwhile, I was left alone. The lots had already been cast and, there was no one left for me. And while, to soften my disappointment, the Camp Commandant offered to send me to a nearby SS camp, I knew that wouldn't be the same. Those men were only minor officers. Here, they were the top

rulers of Germany. Only here could my vow be fulfilled.

I decided that my "lover" would have to be Huebner. To gain the right to him, I would have to dispose of the honey-blonde he had won, a vicious Aryan Amazon called Greta. I decided to murder her.

I set my target date for the following Saturday night, the time set for the "nuptials." I knew that everyone would be drunk and busy celebrating, so no one would pay any attention to me. If I could act quickly enough, Huebner would arrive at his rendezvous to find his mistress dead!

■ **UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS**, with the revelry mounting behind me, I made my way silently to Greta's love nest. It was some distance from the main camp. Outside the door, I silently placed a cigarette holder I had stolen from a drunken SS officer. Then I slipped through the door, and into the lamp-light.

Greta was strutting around in silk stockings and garish garters. Even from the doorway, I could smell her heavy perfume. She stopped abruptly when she saw me, surprised. Then her lips curled in contempt.

"Come to wish me luck, Maria?" she sneered.

"You'll need it," I shouted. Then I sank my fist into her belly. She gasped and went down to the floor. I stooped over her and raised my fist, but Greta hadn't been hurt as much as she had pretended. She grabbed my ankle and

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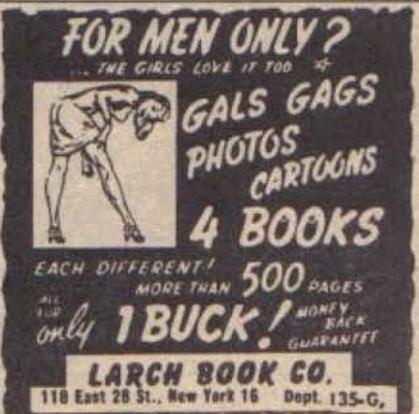
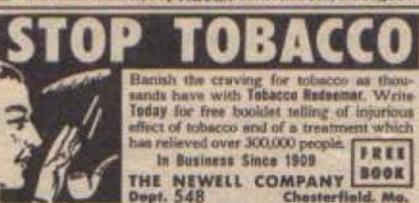
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threw me.

When I hit the floor, she crawled on top of me, clutching my hair and beating my head against the bed frame. She screamed curses, but with the noise from the camp party she couldn't possibly have been heard. I twisted one of her hands from my hair and bent it behind her. She arched back, raising her body from mine, and I tried to bite her. She flipped away once more and jerked her knee cruelly upward.

After that we fought silently, savagely, our bodies locked together, slithering from our sweat-filmed flesh. Greta, a rabid Nazi, knew it was a fight to the death. She was in the women's auxiliary of the SS, and her idea of dedication was to wallow in the debauchery of a stud camp.

Our slippery bodies made holds difficult. She got her bared teeth within an inch of my throat, and was about to sink them into me when I brought both knees up into her abdomen and thrust her away. We both lay on the floor, gasping for breath.

With a sudden surge of strength, I reached over and grabbed one of her legs. Before she could pull away, I peeled the stocking from her limb and got to my knees.

Greta lay on the floor, her knees drawn back almost to her chest, her heels ready to drive at me if I ventured nearer to her. I rose to my feet. Her eyes were glowing coals of hatred.

Then she let out a piercing scream!

I couldn't risk another yell like that. Starting toward her, I abruptly checked myself. Her heels shot out like twin snakes before she realized I had tricked her! When she was fully extended on the floor, I grabbed one of her feet and twisted it with all my might. She rolled with the twist to save her ankle from breaking, then flipped over like a fish, face down on the floor. I sat on her.

Before she could move, I tied both of her arms behind her with the stocking. She writhed and kicked, but I reversed my seat on her rump and pulled the silk stocking off her other leg. Moving my body down her legs, I held her with my weight and tied her ankles together.

As I rose, Greta took a deep breath to let loose another scream. I put my foot on her head and ground her face into the rough plank floor. She sobbed at the damage I was doing to her beautiful nose, but there were no more screams . . .

Beside the bed stood a wooden night table. On the table lay a platter of cheese, a knife, and two bottles of vodka.

My eyes settled on the knife and I steeled myself for the next step—my crowning vengeance against the Nazis. I stooped and clutched a handful of Greta's golden hair. Raising her head from the floor, I slit her throat from ear to ear.

Blood gushed forth—Nazi blood this time. It was the first Nazi blood I had ever seen.

Greta died instantly. I wiped the handle of the knife on a blanket, and threw the bloody blade on the floor.

■ THEN I WENT OUTSIDE the door and listened. No one seemed to be in the area. The distant party was as riotous as before. I picked up the cigarette holder I had stolen from the SS officer, then, going back inside, I mussed up the "bridal" bed. I dropped the cigarette holder on the floor between the bed and the wall.

"That," I said, "will take care of another Nazi pig."

I quickly walked toward the revelry and waited on the fringe of the party till I saw a staggering drunk. I led him to my cabin, and spent the night enduring his filthy games. Even while I choked back my revulsion, I heard the hue and cry at the "bridal" cabin. Later, steel-helmeted guards with flashlights came into my cabin, checked us and went out again.

The next day, I learned that Huebner had himself killed the SS officer to whom the damning cigarette holder belonged. Now I had two Nazis to my credit!

Naturally, after that, I was named to substitute for the dead Greta. Vogt Huebner was immensely pleased. After all, I was the most desirable girl in the camp, and the bully believed himself twice-honored, having been given in succession, two such lovely women as Greta and myself.

I became pregnant. And this time, I was treated as a Queen. Everything was done for me. Hitler himself came to visit me, and right there, surrounded by the highest members of the Party—Himmler, Goebbels and Bormann—he made a long speech in which he compared me to Mother Germania.

"This child you have conceived, Frau Mauch," he pronounced, "shall be a symbol of the rebirth of Germany! Its birth shall mark the beginnings of new and greater victories. It shall be living proof that Germany shall rise again, from the ashes of these damnable bombings, to conquer the universe!"

Even as I saluted him, the smile on my face was for the grim joke I was playing.

My time came in early March, just as Germany was reaching her lowest ebb. Hitler, ever superstitious, insisted on being present. To him, the birth of this baby was a matter of life and death. It was almost as if he himself were the father of the child.

The night I went into the delivery room, I could see the host of medalled figures pacing in the hallway, among them Vogt Huebner. Knowing what was coming made even the trials of birth seem pleasant.

The hubub after the child was born was like nothing I had ever experienced before. They tell me that Hitler's infuriated curses made the very air ring. Vogt was arrested immediately—and an SS guard was thrown around my hospital room.

We were brought to trial and charged with betraying the Reich. Vogt was castrated and, later, beheaded. I was sentenced to the extermination chambers of a concentration camp.

That was in April. Only a month later, before the sentence of the court

could be carried out, the American Army captured our prison. I was free again!

My revenge is finished. Today I am trying to begin a new life. On the advice of doctors, I have been sterilized—there will be no more monsters. The Nazis almost destroyed me—certainly they destroyed my husband and children. Whatever I did to them in return, was only justice. I have no regrets.

Now I am free, in conscience as well as person. This is my story. All I can do now—is forget.

## FREE LOVE FOR TEENAGERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

it's within reach for the working man on the town, but for the unemployed youngster, it's out of the question. When the interest of an elder make the price reasonable, the women themselves refuse to admit him. Cops make things tough enough without bringing the charge of "corrupting a minor" into the picture.

So the boys do the next best thing. Deprived of a relatively safe outlet for the proof of their manhood, they resort to the emancipated and more sophisticated members of their own age group. To put it bluntly, they make a play for the girl next door.

The subject, in all its stark reality, came up for a deep and detailed discussion some months back, in a modern equivalent of a young matrons' sewing circle. The ladies, all residents of one of our more advanced western cities, were hardly reticent in their choice of language or in the descriptive phrases used in connection with the youngsters.

Now it's highly probable that other, similarly free women, have talked over the same subject in the same way, but with these girls there was a big difference. It just so happened that first, each and every one was a member of a long-standing wife-swap organization; and second, each was the mother of a teen-aged son.

And so, when the idea was suggested, no one was either shocked or repelled by the project. In fact it was enthusiastically accepted by a unanimous voice vote.

"Why not," the thought went, "do the job ourselves. Each girl will take one of the other women's boys, and give him a complete course in boudoir deportment!"

The idea was put into practice within the week. The women were determined; the husbands were amused; the boys were scared and nervous. But it worked. Within a matter of weeks it was obvious that the tutelage was expert. The course of study was as complete as the uninhibited minds of the professoresses could make it, and the students responded amazingly well. It didn't take long before the youngsters were behaving as if they

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had five years of marriage behind them.

And as success became apparent, quietly, by word of mouth, the story began to get around among those who make it their business to be up on all the latest gimmicks in the sex field. The idea spread, and spread quickly. Other groups took it up, tried it and pronounced it good. Within sixty days of the time it had started, the private sex school idea had spread from city to city and state to state. And today, while it is by no means known and practiced widely across the country, it is estimated that there are more than a thousand groups, composed of thirty or forty thousand individuals located primarily in the West; though that too is changing.

How does it actually work? Well let's take a typical example. We'll follow a youngster who had reached the age when his parents realize that a "man-to-man" discussion is in order.

That discussion is held, but definitely. There is no substitute in the world for that kind of basic instruction. But it's after that first talk that the difference occurs. A day or so later, after the boy has had an opportunity to think over carefully what he has been told, he is instructed to go over and visit Mrs. Blank's house. Here he will have every opportunity to discover how things really work.

Everything is planned to put him at his ease. No one is home except his hostess. She greets him, ushers him inside, talks kindly, asks a few polite questions to put him at his ease, and then, to cut short his embarrassment, plunges right into the matter at hand. A few questions determine that he has learned the basic procedure and so the lesson begins.

But one lesson is hardly a full course. Further appointments are made, each covering a new type of action and behaviour, until the education is complete. By now, the boy has had an opportunity to see and try everything.

Of course, there is full reciprocity. Mrs. Blank knows that when her son's turn comes—if it hasn't already—he will be given the same complete treatment by her friends and neighbors.

Now, what about results? What is the effect of this type of education on the community in general? And how do these boys rate compared to others in the same cities and towns?

The answer to all of these points is—excellent. Among such group-taught boys there is sixty-four percent less juvenile delinquency than others of the same income and education level. Less than one tenth of them are involved in illegal sex escapades, and less than eight percent as many have been named or indicted in paternity actions. It would seem that having had their

curiosity satisfied, they are less likely to experiment promiscuously; and where they do, they have learned far more about taking care of themselves than others of the same age group.

Naturally, the statistics have not been gathered over a long enough period or on a wide enough scale to be completely conclusive, but certainly the figures that are available show a probability ratio overwhelmingly in favor of their accuracy.

The boys have reacted marvelously well to their experience. All of them show an ease and relaxation towards sex that is remarkable for their age group. None shows that snickering, leering attitude normally associated with teen-agers.

**T**HIS IS NOT to say that there are not critics of the program. And those critics have been able to put forth some powerful arguments. First, they say that this method of sex instruction places far too much emphasis on sex as a necessary part of a young man's experience. It is too early for this aspect of life to assume major importance. It's not healthy, especially as there is not the remotest possibility of these young men enjoying a normal, continuous sex life for many, many years.

Second, it encourages youngsters to associate sex with women much older than themselves, destroying the normal desire to seek girls their own age for companionship.

Third, it puts an exaggerated emphasis on sex at an age when boys should be concentrating on the more social side of human relationships. It leads them to assume that sex is an ordinary, everyday occurrence. By not finding sex release with girls in their own groups their ability to enter the society of their own levels is impaired.

They expect more than they can get; they assume their wants to be their rights, when in fact, at their age, it is no such thing.

And fourth, there are those who, despite their emancipated outlook on sexual relationships, feel that to bring teen-agers into an adult sex relationship is downright immoral. It's one thing for folks who know what they're doing, they claim, but it's something entirely different to recruit those not old enough to have any real judgment of their own. These dissenters have stated that perhaps the adults themselves are seeking new thrills, and dismiss as hypocrisy the claim of service to the younger generation.

These are not poor, weak arguments that can be brushed aside lightly, or at least they shouldn't be. Yet to date, they have not been answered. Certainly there is a point to the charge of corrupting the young.

The principal points brought in favor of the procedure are as follows. First, it's the parents' business

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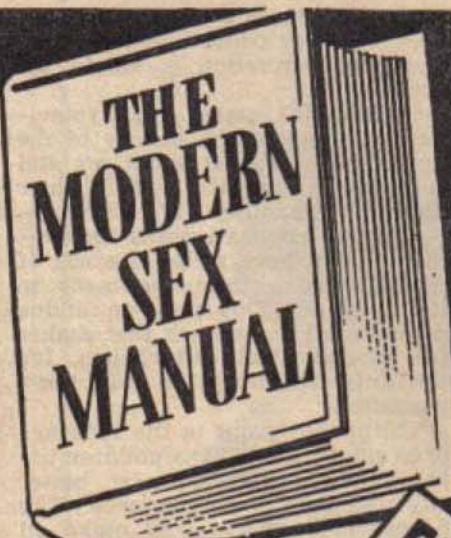


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how the children are to be instructed. And these parents feel that active sex instruction is all to the good.

Second, it's stated that youngsters throughout the history of the world, have learned about sex and enjoyed it from the age of their physical capability. It's only recently that civilization and economic necessity have rolled the age of maturity back from the teens to the twenties. This puts an undue pressure on youngsters that makes for psychological disturbance. It's the duty of parents to ease these pressures.

Third, they point to the very figures quoted above. The children are healthier, happier and far better adjusted for the experience. The figures prove it, so why make all the fuss?

Naturally, no reporter, unschooled in the details and technicalities of medicine or psychology, can reasonably take sides. All we can do is report the facts.

The boys themselves, of course, think the courses of instruction are "great." They wouldn't change them for anything. All claim to have learned a lot during the lessons, far more than any books or discussions could ever have gotten across to them. They feel that every fellow should have the same chance they had.

Nine out of every ten women involved think that the entire experiment has been well worth while. Admittedly, they get kicks themselves, but they claim that's just a side benefit. All insist it's the boys they are thinking about, not themselves.

The fathers tend to agree with their wives. "It's good for the kids," is the typical reply, "and it's not hurting anybody. I'd a lot rather a boy was getting lessons from some older woman than fooling around with my daughter."

To date, there has been a remarkable reticence about the entire business as far as the general public is concerned. Those involved have managed to carry on their activities without the slightest rumor reaching anyone outside their own groups. To the rest of the community, there is no indication of anything other than the most ordinary social activity, the regular visiting among friends and neighbors.

It is only among the members of

### NEXT MEAL MAY KILL YOU (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

lines" of our bodies. They are soft, elastic tubes whose walls are made up of three layers. The inner lining is thin and smooth, normally a perfectly clear channel for the life-giving blood that flows freely from the heart to all the tissues and organs of the body.

But a number of significant and striking changes take place when atherosclerosis strikes. Fatty sub-

stances, the greater part of which is cholesterol, deposit themselves between the middle and inner layers of the artery wall, just like rust in water pipes. The arteries then harden and bulge into the channel, narrowing the passage and interfering with the free flow of blood to the tissues. Worst of all, the rough inner surface of the channel wall causes the blood corpuscles to become

sex clubs and swapping organizations that most of the details are known and it is through these channels that the sex training plan has been spreading.

Sooner or later, as the circle widens, as more and more people become involved, this veil of secrecy is bound to be lifted here and there. There will be some scandals. That is inevitable.

And it is only then, when the entire matter become public knowledge, that opinion will form.

It won't be a matter of words or public utterances. It won't be anything said or even discussed. The opinion will make itself known by actions, how the people react and how they behave.

For example, the wife swap scandals of the forties aroused universal condemnation, yet today, nearly twenty years later, that same way of life has been adopted by more millions than anyone would have believed possible. That may well be the result here. Though right now no one would dare predict it.

Today, the experiment is still in the growing stages. The percentage of the population participating is so small as to be almost negligible. But where the practice has been established it is growing. Where it has been tried, it is continuing. Even those whose boys have already been trained show no signs of wanting to drop out. They continue to be available to the boys of others in their groups.

As one psychologist, to whom the entire story was explained, analyzed it, "When it comes to sex, there really isn't any law, any morality, any workable method of control. All the laws we have written on the books can only restrain, and temporarily at that. They don't change anyone. They don't stop the things they're meant to stop. We haven't wiped out perversion, prostitution or even crimes of violence. All we can do is put away those who do real and lasting harm. The rest can only be advised. And in the long run, the only advice they take, is their own. It may be a sad commentary on the human race—but looking at it another way, it's this same, powerful drive that's permitted the human race to survive."

That's not a conclusion, of course. But it may help to explain some of the things that people do—even if we don't agree with them.

caught and form clots that clog the coronary arteries, stopping the flow of blood to part of the heart and precipitating an attack.

Next, the brain arteries may become involved, causing strokes or apoplexy. And, finally, atherosclerosis may affect the blood vessels of the kidneys, the legs, the eyes, or almost any organ of the body to endanger the life and health of the patient.

The second item of evidence came with the observation that atherosclerosis could be produced experimentally in the laboratory by feeding animals with cholesterol. In a rabbit, cholesterol, or cholesterol-rich foods such as milk, eggs, butter and cream, for a period of weeks, duplicated conditions similar to those of atherosclerosis patients. The same experiments worked with chickens, hamsters and guinea pigs. In all cases, when the high cholesterol diet was discontinued in the laboratory animals, the diseased arteries tended to become normal.

**T**HE DISCOVERY OF cholesterol within the artery wall led to other research, all of which seemed to incriminate this chemical more and more. It was found that blood samples from coronary patients showed an abnormally high content of cholesterol. The same was true in the case of experimental animals.

So it would seem to be essential to keep this cholesterol content at completely normal levels. But how? Is it strictly a matter of diet, or can it be that there is some other factor, some cholesterol-holding factor in the body that causes one person to retain this harmful substance while another is able to flush it away?

Frankly, the medical profession is not completely positive about this, though they do lean in the diet direction. While they warn, as good doctors should, that it will take years before any results can be considered to be scientifically proven, they also state quite plainly that the connection between fatty diets and hardening of the arteries is too close to be purely coincidence.

While hedging on a definite "yes" answer to the question, they categorically refuse even to consider the word "no," ending up with a hollow, dire-sounding "maybe."

Where does this leave the man who is 35 or 40 years of age? The right answer is of life-and-death importance to him. In these crucial years he needs to know whether giving up much of the fats in his diet is a futile or life-saving action.

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Furthermore, the per capita fat consumption in the United States has been steadily on the increase. Today, it is 25 percent higher than 40 years ago. If our standard of living keeps rising, and our present-day dietary tendencies continue unchanged, we can expect in the words of Dr. J. Morris, of England, "More coronary disease in the future and not less."

Doctors, like Dr. Norman Jolliffe, director of the New York City Department of Health's Bureau of Nutrition, and associate professor at Columbia University, say it is good to cut down on fat in the diet. "No prudent person," he says, "who has had, or wishes to avoid coronary heart disease, should eat a high-fat diet of the type consumed by most Americans."

Doctors all over the world agree that if you're a man over 30, you've got a 50-50 chance of being knocked off by a heart attack, unless you stop eating like a glutton and start eating like an Italian or Japanese. A simple diet change from animal fats to fish and vegetable oils could save at least 50,000 persons a year from such attacks. Of course, they maintain, the culprits are the fatty compounds containing cholesterol.

This position seems to be strengthened by the work of a team of scientists in South Africa under Dr. Bronte-Stewart. They reported that it is the kind of fat you eat, rather than the amount, that determines whether or not you have a lot of cholesterol.

According to these researchers, the animal fats (or "hard" fats as they are known), such as beef drippings, butter, eggs and beef, are the type that put more cholesterol into the blood. When vegetable fats, such as olive oil, sunflower-seed oil and ground nut oil are used, the blood cholesterol does not increase.

These findings do not mean that a person cannot eat "hard" fats. It is the balance between the hard fats and the non-hard fats that is important. Whether these findings will stand the test of further research remains to be seen.

The trouble is that most people underestimate the amount of fat they use, and few Americans would be ready to believe that they consume approximately 19 tablespoons of it in their daily diet (as against an average of only 2 tablespoons for the Japanese). This is due to the fact that a good share of it is invisible, which means that it cannot be detected readily with the naked eye. Eggs, milk, nuts, pastry and olives are examples, and even the leanest meats and fish contain an appreciable amount of the invisible fats and oils. The visible fats, on the other hand, can be recognized at a glance, including as they do butter, oleomargarine, cream, peanut butter, olive oil, rich salad dressings, shortening and the fat that can be trimmed from meat and fowl.

The prevalence of obesity is another indication of the high-fat usage in the United States today. Overweight and the high-fat diet go hand in hand. There are now some 30,000,000 Americans who are significantly heavier than they should be, and our entire population is estimated to be 11 percent heavier than normal. The fat people are vulnerable to a long list of serious conditions, including heart disease, and their mortality ratio is 50 percent higher than normal. Here, a reduction in fat intake might conceivably be expected to benefit not only our arteries, but also our general health.

So, again, we pose the question: "What are we to do?"

**A DIET LOW IN FAT** will diminish the blood cholesterol content of the blood, but the question of giving up fatty foods must be decided on an individual basis, not by you, but by your doctor. If you have not had a heart attack, he may suggest a test of the serum cholesterol level of your blood to determine whether there is a predisposition toward atherosclerosis. If there is a tendency toward abnormal amounts of cholesterol in your blood, you may have to cut down fat to avoid heart attacks or strokes later on in life. Coronary patients will be advised by their doctors to omit as much as possible of egg yolk, butter fat and all other cholesterol foods from their diets. Patients maintained on a total low-fat diet have shown a definite improvement in their blood cholesterol levels. Most important of all, many of them to date also have shown fewer recurrent attacks of coronary thrombosis. If you are perfectly healthy but overweight, your doctor may suggest your cutting down calorie intake, including fats.

In any case, don't try to control your fat intake rigidly without consulting your doctor. Cutting fat often means cutting protein, and a severe low-fat diet usually requires a vitamin supplement.

One other consideration: An intensive search is going on today for something other than diet, perhaps a drug or a chemical, capable of lowering the blood cholesterol. Several substances have been tried, but not enough to warrant everyday chemical use. In fact, Dr. Frederick J. Stare, chairman of the department of nutrition at Harvard University's School of Public Health, maintains there is none as yet which is in any way effective on a practical basis in lowering cholesterol.

It is difficult to think of a story more baffling and more fascinating than that of atherosclerosis. This devastating disease is far from conquered, but enough light has been shed on it in recent years to bring forth hope and promise. There seems to be enough reason to believe that before too long medical science will solve the riddle and banish it forever from our shores. \*



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## SAVE HER FROM THE SNAKES (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

said, "I suppose we should. But I don't like this place. It's not . . . it's just not natural, that's all."

She was right. I could feel it myself. There was something eerie and ominous about the clearing. It was too clean, too clear, too empty. It was almost as if a party of devil's assistants had been detailed to care for it. Oh, there was firewood around, all right. Just beyond the edge of the open space, dead wood seemed to lie about in profusion. But the sensation of horror and evil, coupled with a sickly-sweet smell of decay that pervaded the entire area, made our skins crawl.

"Dammit!" I swore. "We've got to get hold of ourselves. We can't give in to imagination. Come on. You set up camp. I'm going to get some firewood."

"I'm coming with you," Edie said immediately. "I just don't like this place."

"Don't be a baby, Edie," I told her. "It's going to be dark soon. There's too much work to be done for you to waste time following me around like a sick puppy."

"I don't care," she answered. And I noticed for the first time that fear was blanching her face. "I'm scared. I don't want to be alone. You can call me all the names you want, but I'm coming with you."

I shrugged. "OK. Anything you want. But let's get a move on. The light's failing already. We must get that fire going before it gets completely dark."

We walked toward the far edge of the clearing, where the wood seemed to be thickest. I picked up a few branches and started piling them in my arms, when suddenly Edie screamed.

I TURNED TO LOOK at her, and a flood of utter horror surged through me. For there, under the wood, exposed by the pieces I had just picked up, lay a gleaming white skeleton. It was obviously human. And just as obviously, it had been carefully covered by other human beings. No animal would have hidden a corpse that way.

I kicked gingerly at another pile of wood. As the rotting pieces fell away, another skeleton came into view.

I was shivering now, too. I clutched at Edie's hand, squeezing hard to reassure her. We had to get away. Even if it meant running down the jungle trail in the black, threatening night, I still knew we couldn't stay here, in the midst of this crude graveyard.

We began backing slowly away from the carefully-covered corpses, our skins tingling with terror. We took one step and then two. And then we began to run, feverishly.

We didn't get far. For, less than five seconds later, the ground gave way beneath us, and we were falling into darkness.

But finally, I hit bottom with a bone-jarring crash. The breath was knocked out of me. Then pain exploded in my knee. Red and white flashes shot through my brain. I tried to scream. But nothing would come. A wave of blackness passed across my vision. I couldn't see, hear or think. There was only pain and the all-encompassing blackness. And then there was nothing.

I don't know how long I was out. It was night when I opened my eyes again. There was a little light drifting down into the darkness from the moon which shone just above the edge of the pit. And then the pain came again, throbbing, burning and slicing up my thigh, like the heat of a hundred branding irons.

And then I felt it. Something cold and slimy was moving on my chest. I put out my hand to touch it and instantly recoiled from the cold, clammy length that was sliding across me.

*Snakes!* We had fallen into a snake pit.

Fear prodded my brain. I lay still, hardly daring to breathe. I was terrified that the scaly monster might know that I was still alive. For, somehow I felt that if it thought I was dead, it wouldn't attack.

I heard a long-drawn-out hiss coming from close beside me. And then came another, somewhere out beyond—and still another. I opened my eyes slowly and stared as hard as I could, straight ahead, not daring to move my head. Slowly, I began to make them out. Slithering, shadowy shapes, were wriggling along the side of the pit, weaving and swaying on the ground, raising and lowering their evil, reptile heads, shooting out their tongues—and hissing, constantly hissing.

One of them, coiled right below the lip of the pit, stood straight up, the moonlight playing along his slimy back. He looked almost exactly like the picture of a coral snake I had seen in a book at home—only larger, ever so much larger. Even with only a part of him showing above his coils, I'd guess he was lifting a good four feet into the air. And his open mouth showed two long, curving fangs. His body was as thick as the calf of my leg. And his eyes! Even in the half-darkness, they gleamed a fiery, bloodshot red.

My skin crawled as I peered further out around me. Glistening reptiles were everywhere—beside me, around me, and, I thought, perhaps underneath me, too.

I risked turning my head, moving a fraction of an inch at a time. My eyes were getting used to the black-



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ness, and I found that even the slight moonlight was enough to let me see far more than I would have believed possible.

**A** BOUT THREE FEET AWAY from me—perhaps a quarter of the distance across the floor of the pit—I saw a black, huddled mass. Edie! My God! The horror had almost driven her from my mind. She was lying motionless. I couldn't tell whether she was dead or alive.

A scaly monster moved against my neck. Freeze! Quit breathing! Wait! Hope! Pray!

It brushed along, its entire length rasping over my skin, and then passed on. I sighed, and slowly drew in a deep lungful of air.

My chest felt light. I gambled a quick look. The snake that had been lying there had crawled off. For the time being, anyway, I was free.

And then I noticed that it was getting darker. The moon had passed completely across the small mouth of the pit and was rapidly disappearing. It was almost like a signal. I could hear the vile reptiles moving. It was as if there were a complete army of them. There must have been three or four that touched my throbbing leg at the same time—and I sucked in my breath from the pain. But I managed to suppress the scream that was trembling in my throat. I HAD TO KEEP STILL!

Long, sinuous bellies slithered over my body. One passed right across my mouth. I could smell the foul, stinking combination of slimy rot and dung-filled mud as it wriggled across my lips.

Suddenly, they were gone. I don't know how I knew it, but my senses seemed to be screaming it. That is, all were gone but about half a dozen. These spread out, moving up the steep sides of the pit to within about a foot of the top. There, they took up positions, like sentries, weaving back and forth, watching... and waiting.

But they weren't looking downward. I took a chance and slowly sat up, running one hand over my tortured leg. It was swollen and terribly painful, but I didn't feel any caked blood. The skin, at least, was unbroken.

There were some sticks nearby. Taking off my belt, I made some splints and wound them tightly, until I thought I'd faint again from the awful pain. But I gritted my teeth and held on, and when I had tied the belt and let go, my leg felt a little better. And now at least I could move.

Gasping with pain, I dragged myself over to Edie. She was lying there, still as death. I could see blood matted against her hair, and there was a small trickle oozing from her mouth. My heart filled

with dread as I put my ear to her chest. Then I sighed with relief. Thank God! She was still alive.

I must have pushed and shoved for ten or fifteen minutes, before I was able to get my arms under her huddled form. It's funny, but a man normally doesn't realize how much he depends on his legs and hips for leverage.

It was slow work, dragging her, inch by inch, across the bottom of the pit and up one of the steep slopes. Even if I could have, I wouldn't have hurried. For I was terrified that the serpentine sentinels would hear me and turn to attack us.

We were about five feet from the lip, now, and I knew I couldn't go any further. I had to get between the snakes, and there didn't seem to be the slightest chance. Coiled there, weaving in the night air, each about two feet from its supporting reptile guard, they left little hope of getting through undetected.

**M**Y HAND SLIPPED and I clawed madly for a hold, as Edie's dead weight threatened to drag me down again.

The noise must have attracted the reptiles, because the two nearest me, stopped their weaving, turned and looked downward. In a few seconds their ophidian eyes would spot us.

But fortunately, I found a foothold in the side of the pit to prevent my downward plunge. My hand touched a stone. It wasn't large, not even a full fist. But I grabbed it and threw it. It landed about two or three feet below the sinuous sentries on the other side of the pit.

It was as if a bomb had exploded. The slimy creatures were off in a flash, whizzing toward the sudden sound. For a moment, escape lay before me.

I forgot about the pain in my leg. I don't think I even felt it. The need for survival overpowered everything else. From somewhere deep inside, I found new strength, and I tugged my way up the last few feet. Grasping the gorse-covered ground outside the pit, I heaved myself upward, and then we were but and I was crawling toward the center of the clearing as fast as I could.

I don't know why the snakes didn't follow us. They could have had us for sure, if they had. For as soon as I reached the comparative safety of solid ground, I collapsed from exhaustion.

When I came to, the sun was shining brightly. Then I heard voices, and as my vision cleared, I saw a group of brown but friendly faces crowded around me.

"He lives," the guttural voice said. "You mister, you all right?"

I groaned.

"He lives. They both live. Come. You relax. You sleep if you want.

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We take to village."

I sighed and tried to give thanks, but no words came. Then darkness shrouded me again.

■ SPENT NEARLY six weeks in the native village, until my leg knit up again. Edie healed a lot quicker. Her concussion was only slight, and rest, quiet and lack of fear did wonders for her morale.

The clearing that we had stumbled into was a native cemetery. The natives, who refuse to keep a dead body anywhere in the vicinity of their village, carry their dying tribesmen to the clearing. There, they wait, saying prayers and chanting songs to the snake gods of their people. When death finally comes, the body is tossed into the snake pit, a sacrifice and gift to the snake god.

Later, the Medicine Man, daubed in some secret concoction, walks down to retrieve the skeleton. Somehow, covered with his preparation, the snakes don't touch him. Later, the grisly remains are covered with fresh-cut boughs and left, unburied.

The only way I can explain the

### MASTERS OF HELL (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

hopeless anticipation inside the house. They heard the nightmare bells tinkle in the streets, and as the sounds receded, they knew the reprieve was only a temporary one.

They were alone in the house; father and son had been carried off a week ago. As the two women looked at each other in terror, the loathsome *monatti* pounded on the heavy doors.

"Open up—we've come to take care of the sick." Coarse laughter and obscene jests could be heard. A man shouted, "We'll take care of the well too. We've got a special way of doing that!"

There were snickering noises, and then they rattled the doorknob and made the house vibrate as their heavy bodies battered against the doors.

The wealthy Italian matron and her daughter were to suffer a fate which had already befallen countless other women of the upper class in the plague-ridden city. Despite bribery and payment of blackmail, both father and son had been carried off to the plague hospital, and now the *Monatti* had returned to finish the job. There would be looting, and violence. If resistance was offered, there would be rape and murder.

It was the year 1348 and the Great Pestilence was devastating Italian cities. From there it would be passed on to the peoples of Europe, where the succeeding years would be the most agonizing in all human history.

In large Italian cities, as plague deaths increased, the officials and councils fled, and government fell into the hands of the corrupt and criminal. With hundreds dying daily, and bodies piling up in streets and houses, the main problem became one of disposing of in-

fact that the snakes did not attack us, is to assume that they knew we were not yet dead. Either the warmth of our skins or the beating of our hearts and pulsing of our bloodstreams caused them to wait. To them, apparently, it was only a matter of time until we would be dead—and ripe for eating. Luck and circumstances had forced us into exactly the correct attitude and postures for survival. Undoubtedly, had we stirred or moved rapidly, they would have attacked. But lying there, seemingly near death, served to keep them patient.

The natives took us back to the seacoast. There, I had to go to the hospital again.

Edie and I are back in Missouri now. We've still got a little wanderlust left, but it's limited. No more exotic adventure for us. We've had enough. From now on, we'll take our kicks in Kansas City. There mayn't be romance there—but who needs it? We're alive—and that's the most important thing. Living—just plain, ordinary living—is all the romance this couple will ever need from now on.

fection-breeding corpses. Gravediggers and nurses were urgently needed, and so the prisons were thrown open. The dregs of the population, thieves, murderers and galley slaves took over. Indifferent to death, they delighted in their new profession and the liberties it allowed them.

■ THEY WERE FED, lodged and clothed for the first time in their lives. Under pretence of combating the plague, they robbed and blackmailed the men, and terrorized and assaulted the women. The *Monatti*, the depraved scum of the prisons, enjoyed orgies of debauchery. The wealthy dared not oppose them. Resistance led to closing a house as a plague spot. Its inhabitants were hauled to the pest hospital, where death was *certain*.

Whatever the *Monatti* wanted, they took. Roaming the city like wild beasts with the dread sound of their bells spreading panic ahead of them, they plundered the homes of the wealthy. They carted the men forcibly to the plague hospital, and then seized the soft, perfumed bodies of the powerless wives and daughters.

Originating in China, the breeding ground for the world's great epidemics, the Black Death entered the eastern countries first. Some thirty millions had died in China. The malignant disease travelled from country to country by the trade routes. Cairo lost 10,000 daily, Cyprus' population was almost wiped out, and the deaths in India were beyond count.

It is said that the disease was transported to Italy after the siege of Caffa, a port on the Sea of Azov. Many Italian merchants had fled to the city with the bloodthirsty Tartars in pursuit. The city was surrounded and placed under

attack. At first it appeared hopeless for the Italians, but soon a strange epidemic broke out among the Tartars, so virulent that men died within a few hours of its first symptoms. Because of the great number of dead and dying, the Tartars almost withdrew. Then they thought of an ingenious way to spread the disease among their enemies. With gigantic catapults, they hurled the bodies of their dead over the walls of the city. The Italians, hoping to prevent the contagion from entering their ranks, carried the corpses away and dropped them into the sea, but soon, they too began dying. Only a small group escaped on a ship to Genoa. There, they planted the seeds of the infection which poisoned all of Italy.

Although the modern world has always used the term "Black Death," the people of the fourteenth century were unfamiliar with this phrase and described the disease as "The Plague," "Great Pestilence," or "Great Mortality." The name "Black Death" may have come from the many fantastic superstitions which were prevalent at the time. The fear-inspired imagination of the people pictured the plague as a man mounted upon a black horse, a black man on an enormous ship, or an ugly black giant striding through the ruins of cities, his head reaching above the houses.

Victims of the plague of 1348-49 suffered inflammation of the throat and lungs, violent pains in the chest, hemorrhaging, and large boils and carbuncles. The pestilential odor coming from the breath of the ill and bodies of the dead made the disease easy to identify.

■ TODAY, MEDICAL SCIENCE has diagnosed the plague as two separate diseases, one contagious, and the other not directly contagious. The pneumonic plague, involving inflammation of the lungs, was the more deadly, and its contagion was spread by coughing and passing the bacillus into the air.

The bubonic plague, affecting the lymphatic glands, was transmitted from rat to man by the bite of the rat-flea. Curiously enough, the people of the fourteenth century had no suspicion that the deaths were being caused by rats, but instead, especially in England, blamed the dogs and slaughtered them in large numbers. The deaths of these friends of man who could have destroyed thousands of rats only served to spread the plague more quickly. In addition, unsanitary conditions, extreme dirt and squalor, infected water, and lack of medical knowledge made the contagion inevitable.

The Bubonic plague deaths were the most painful. Gland boils developed in all parts of the body, on the arms, neck, thighs and sexual organs. Accompanied by severe fever, the swellings, first the size of hazel-nuts, soon grew in size, and often were as large as hen's eggs before death. The sickness usually lasted three days when it was fatal. If the boils burst and the fever abated, however, recovery would be predicted.

Even animals were claimed as vic-

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tims. The story is told of how the rags of a beggar who had succumbed to the plague were thrown into the street. Two hogs came by and began to root among them, shaking the rags in their jaws. In less than an hour both animals were dead.

The contagion was spread in numerous ways. As people fled from plague areas in ships, it was not at all uncommon for both passengers and crews to die on the open seas. Ghost ships full of corpses floated around, and when taken to port carried the plague germs with them.

Before the people understood that the Black Death could be transmitted through the belongings of the diseased, clothing was often taken from the dead bodies. At Genoa, four soldiers brought back to their camp a bed covering they had discovered in a plague house. They slept under it and were all dead in the morning.

The speed of the contagion is illustrated by the actions of a dying man who wished to make a will. He called a notary, confessor and witnesses together; *they all died by the next day and were buried together*.

As the deaths ran into the thousands, it was no longer possible to provide proper burial. Bodies were just flung into large pits, or trenches, and the corpses were laid in rows, a little earth on each.

Often, when the Black Death broke out in a house, the members of the family concealed it, and the bodies were buried beneath the floors. Houses became contagion spots, with all inhabitants dead, and windows sealed; shut up and undetected for long periods.

The constant misery and death caused all forms of madness. Expecting to be stricken by the disease, many people kept a linen shroud in readiness, and sewed themselves into it as soon as they felt the first pangs. Those who were in intense pain often became delirious and were known to wrap themselves in bed clothes and rush to the grave to *bury themselves*.

■ ATTENDANTS HELPED sufferers to die quickly by suffocating or strangling them. During the long epidemics, the living grew callous and tired of the constant burying, and took the ill, dying and dead to the graves at the same time so as to avoid the extra trips. The sick either died or were buried alive.

In London, watchmen appointed by the city officials found their job to be difficult and dangerous. When any member of a household caught the plague, the house was closed and all inhabitants forbidden to leave. All sorts of trickery was used to get past the watchman and escape from the plague house. On occasion, people broke through rear walls, or tunneled under the floors. A case is reported of a family exploding gunpowder under the watch-

man and making their escape while he was lying unconscious.

Quack physicians grew wealthy peddling worthless remedies to the panic-stricken poor. One notorious quack advertised, "He gives advice to the poor for nothing." Many people came to see him and he examined them and gave all sorts of vague advice which was of no help. However, he informed them that he had a medicine which would be a sure preventive for the plague, even if they lived in the same house with somebody who had it. Everybody wanted the medicine, but the price was high. When they protested that they couldn't afford it, and reminded him of the advertisement offering help to the poor for nothing, he replied that he gave his *advice* for nothing, but not his medicine!

Public fear gave way to wild superstitions. There was a common belief in the plague "virgin," who was supposed to raise her hand and scatter the poison. Sometimes she was seen, red scarf fluttering, as a figure stroking doors and windows to indicate that the plague would strike there. People would then shut themselves in the house and refuse to go out. On other occasions the plague virgin was seen as a blue flame flashing through the air, and hovering about the lips of the sick and dead. Even death was personified, walking about in human form. A ghastly apparition was reported strolling about in a plague area. When accosted he said he was "death". . .

People believed that one of the surest ways to get rid of the plague was to pass it on to somebody else. *Victims actually breathed in other people's faces in the hope of transferring their illness.* Panic at the possibility of the disease being spread deliberately led to public suspicion of plague "smearers." Strangers and people whose actions created mistrust were often accused of smearing doorknobs and handles with infected substances. Gravediggers were especially suspected, people believing that they would naturally want to prolong the pestilence which for them was a profitable time. In Germany, gravediggers were rounded up, forced to confess, and then executed for plague "smearing." Many innocent people were put upon the rack and forced to admit their guilt to these fantastic charges.

■ IN TRYING TO GET even with an enemy, or someone he envied, a man might accuse him of having the plague and bribe the *Monatti* to break into his house and haul him off to the hospital, or, as in many cases, find means of passing the plague on to him.

The greatest effect of the plague was upon the morals and behavior of the people. While some turned to religion and prayer, many of them believed that the best way to avoid the contagion was to lead as debauched and dissolute a life as possible. In

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and brutal violation following. When a plague victim was killed and eaten, it often proved to be another way of spreading the contagion; those who ate, died.

At the height of the plague a new element came in to stir the superstitious and religious feelings of the population. Appearing first in Germany, groups of tall, strong women marched in procession through the streets, and while chanting strange songs, removed their clothing and beat themselves with rods and sharp scourges. These were the *flagellants*, a curious sect whose creed was repentance and a desire to imitate the sufferings of Christ. They always came into town in long processions, two abreast, their entrance announced by the pealing of bells, in a long line as far as the eye could see. They wore red crosses on their hats, chests and backs. Each one carried a large scourge, a kind of whip with three tails. Later, both men and women participated, their fanaticism making them indifferent to all pain.

Upon entering a town they went directly to the church, singing their dirge-like tune, and entered it, closing all doors. There they took off their clothes and marched around the churchyard, each one scourging himself on both sides until the blood ran down to the ankles.

Following a set ritual, each one, after scourging, would lie down in a manner that indicated his particular sin or crime. If he was a perjurer, he lay on one side and stretched out three fingers beyond his head; if he was an adulterer he lay on his stomach; and if he was a murderer he lay on his back. After all had been scourged by their leader, they were allowed to rise while the leader chanted:

By Mary's honour free from stain  
Arise and do not sin again.

The *flagellant* movement was not approved by the church, and many attempts were made to discourage it.

A DESCRIPTION OF the *flagellant*'s scourge and its use reveals the terrible punishment which this group suffered. The scourge was a stick from which three leather tails with large knots hung down. Sharp iron spikes protruded through the knots, and when the *flagellants* beat themselves on their naked bodies they inflicted deep slashes and punctures so that the blood ran down to the ground and spattered the walls of the churches. At times the spikes were driven so deep into the flesh that they had to be wrenched out.

Other rituals included, for both women and men, no intercourse with the other sex, and not being allowed to wash, bathe, shave, or purchase anything without permission of the master, or leader. At the height of the sect's popularity, as many as eighty thousand were seen in a Christmas procession.

Another movement, more fantastic than the *flagellants*, arose spontaneously. These were the dancers, or choristers, who were believed to be under the

influence of the devil. As if by common agreement, people began rushing about in a frenzied manner, and soon the streets were full of dancers, both men and women. Many danced in one place for hours, and when they fell to the ground exhausted they were trampled by others. The belief was that through dancing they could avoid the plague or even cure themselves of the plague.

Dancing crowds traveled from town to town collecting food and money from the people. The wild dances were excuse for sexual excesses of all kinds. In Cologne, where more than a hundred women gathered to dance, it became evident that they were all pregnant, and that they were trying to conceal it by lacing up their bodies in tight clothes. In the dancing orgies many of the women were half naked, and while dancing sang obscene songs and even invoked the names of strange devils. The dancing mania spread like a contagion.

A great dancing epidemic broke out later in Strasbourg, and many of the participants danced themselves to death. Efforts to stop them were without avail until they were transported in carts to the monastery of St. Vitus where they were finally cured. It was at that time that the phrase "St. Vitus Dance" originated. People who wanted to wish others ill would say, "God send you St. Vitus Dance," or "St. Vitus plague on you."

A CELEBRATION OF a different sort was indulged in by the gravediggers who sometimes got together in large numbers to dance in glee and sing "Welcome, plague; welcome, plague."

But the most terrifying of all dances, the dance of death, is supposed to have originated in Paris in the fifteenth century when the plague was still raging. A sinister-appearing man named Macabre, of Scotch ancestry, who lived in an ancient Roman tower in Paris, began a series of dances in the adjacent cemetery. Macabre, cadaverous and skeleton-like, had a strong effect upon the superstitious peasants, and was believed to have supernatural powers. He began a kind of pantomime or ecclesiastical procession which was called the *Danse Macabre*. Led by a figure personifying death, the dancers performed grotesque steps among the grave stones. In later years the dance was revived and grew in popularity.

For three centuries the world was ravaged by epidemics of the Black Death, with new outbreaks occurring every ten or twenty years. By the 1700's the pestilence seemed to have exhausted itself in most countries, and life slowly returned to normal. But it proved to be only an interval, a period of rest and incubation for the dread disease. At the end of the nineteenth century it broke out again. The country was India, and the deaths ran into the millions. With the progress of medical science in our times, it is hoped that the Black Death, as a widespread contagion, has disappeared from the face of the earth.

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